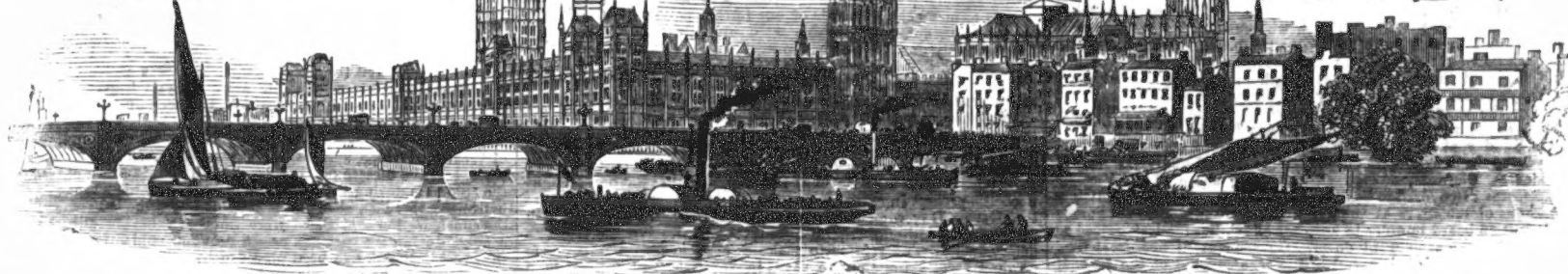


John Lubbock 313 Strand.

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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## SIGNOR MONGINI.

THIS distinguished tenor, whose portrait we herewith give, made his re-appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday, the 28th ult., as Manrico, in "Il Trovatore," and, says a contemporary, "We cannot recall to mind any tenor on his first appearance at the Italian Opera creating such a furor as Signor Mongini on Saturday evening. It was certainly not the first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre of Signor Mongini; but when some six years since he appeared at the old Opera his friends insisted that Giuglini absorbed all his best parts, and that he had no opportunity of being heard to the best advantage. Nevertheless, Signor Mongini did sufficient then to make himself an immense favourite with the subscribers of Her Majesty's Theatre, and every year since his first engagement the question was asked over and over again why he had not been re-engaged. How so unexceptionably gifted a tenor should for so long a period have been ignored by the manager of the opera, more particularly at a time when tenors were as rare as white blackbirds, would seem strange and unaccountable, were not the fact generally known that Signor Mongini's terms are extraordinarily high (last season he demanded a thousand pounds to come to London for one month), and Mr. Mapleson, having already to pay a very large sum to Giuglini, in reality could not afford to disburse two "exorbitant" salaries. When poor Giuglini died, of course, *per necessitatem*, Signor Mongini was applied to, and we can only say that the director of Her Majesty's Theatre has been singularly fortunate in being able to secure him for the present year. After the enormous success of Saturday evening there can be no doubt that Signor Mongini will be the leading tenor of Her Majesty's Theatre for years to come.

The theatre was by no means crowded on the night. A worse night, indeed, there could not be to entice people from their homes to the theatre. The opening notes, however, of the great tenor, in the serenade of the "Trovatore" behind the scene captivated the attention of the audience in an instant. The first verse was received with thunders of applause; the last created a perfect furor. The audience broke forth into one vehement shout, which brought forward Signor Mongini, who got such a reception as is rarely accorded to any singer. In the obstinate trio, in which the soprano, tenor, and barytone are expected to compete for vocal supremacy, we were glad to find that Signor Mongini did not force his voice, the special sin with which he was charged formerly, although in acting discreetly he did not altogether conceal his exceptional powers. The scene with Azucena showed the splendid qualities of the voice conspicuously, and indicated many

beautiful touches of pathos. It was apparent that Signor Mongini had moderated his style, and that he now depended as much upon chasteness and purity of expression as on vocal force and impetuosity. In the tender air, "Ah! si ben mio"—of which poor Giuglini used to make so much—contrary to all expectation Signor

Mongini created his greatest effect. The air, indeed, was a splendid example of passionate singing, and, but for a somewhat inappropriate cadenza at the end would have been irreproachable. The audience were literally taken by surprise, and the applause which followed was universal and rapturous as was ever heard in any theatre, and a repetition was inevitable. The *lary caballetta* "Di quella pira" was another tremendous success for Signor Mongini, who electrified the house with several high chest O's, and of course had to repeat the *caballetta*. At the fall of the curtain Signor Mongini was called for a long time, and the excitement of the audience will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. And which, to say the least of it, was unusual in Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Mongini did not disappoint his admirers as he went on, although, in reality, it was difficult not to do so after arousing them to the highest enthusiasm so soon. The "Miscelata" in which the well-known beautiful phrase "Ah, che la notte" is sung by Manrico, created again immense excitement, and was encored in a hurricane of applause. The end was as the beginning, and Signor Mongini's success must be chronicled as nothing short of triumphant.

Signor Mongini's voice is a *tenore robusto* of extraordinary power and compass, and is rich and mellow in quality, and of exceeding brilliancy in the upper tones. In his singing Signor Mongini betokens very great improvement since he was last heard in London, and exhibits little or none of that exaggeration which was found his only grave fault. So magnificent, powerful, and resonant a tenor voice was sure to create a sensation under any circumstances; and now that Signor Mongini sings with such artistic feeling, and, in many respects, with such well regulated taste and judgment, he may reasonably hope secure a position in the very highest rank of tenors. To the many charms of Signor Mongini's voice must be added its perfect intonation. It is a voice, indeed, that, like that of poor Giuglini and of Mr. Sims Reeves, assures the ear that it cannot go out of tune, and thus we listen to the singer not merely with pleasure and delight, but without fear of being disappointed, always an alloy to pleasure. To Her Majesty's Theatre Signor Mongini cannot fail to prove the greatest possible acquisition, more particularly as in Signor Gardoni it already possesses one of the most accomplished of living *tenorinos*; and, whatever expenditure Mr. Mapleson may be involved in by his engagement, he may comfort himself with having secured the grandest-voiced tenor singer in the world, and who is certain to become an immense favourite. Signor Mongini's first appearance was at Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, and next at Her Majesty's Theatre, also under the management of Mr. Smith.



SIGNOR MONGINI, THE GREAT TENOR AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



## Notes of the Week.

THE Court of Error gave judgment on Monday in the case of Charlotte Winsor (condemned to death for child murder), and unanimously confirmed the previous decision of the Court of Queen's Bench against the prisoner. The Lord Chief Justice then directed the governor of Newgate to deliver the unfortunate woman to the custody of the high sheriff of Devon for execution.

On Saturday forenoon, as a shandy was being driven along Great Homer-street, Liverpool, one of the wheels struck against a country cart. This appears to have frightened the horse, which set off at the top of its speed. The driver, having lost all control over the animal, jumped off the shandy, when, after proceeding some distance, it knocked down and killed an old woman named Mary Chadwick. Soon after killing the old woman, the horse knocked down a man named William Flood, who sustained a rather severe scalp wound, as well as injury to the thigh. A little girl was also knocked down and received injuries, though not of a serious nature. The flight of the horse was at length stopped by the shandy striking against another country cart, the violence of the collision causing the shandy shafts to give way, and the horse fell down, and was at once prevented from doing any further mischief.

On Sunday, at daybreak, a large iron steamer, 2,000 tons burthen, called the Indian Empire, belonging to Mr. Longley, the ship-builder at Deptford, moored off the south shore in the Victoria Dock, was discovered to be in a sinking state. The dock-masters set gangs of labourers at the ship's pump, and additional pumps were put on board in order to keep her afloat, but the leak gained so rapidly that she soon went down. On account of her great size, and the difficulty of discovering the whereabouts of the leak, it will be a long time ere she can be raised. The steamer has been lying in the Victoria Dock nearly four years. It will be remembered she was burnt to the water's edge in the river off Mr. Longley's yard under suspicious circumstances. Several thousand pounds were being expended on her in refitting her out, it was said at the time, for running the blockade, when suddenly she was found in flames, and in order to extinguish the flames she was scuttled. After some months she was raised at a great expense, and towed into the Victoria Dock, where she was again built up, but has not quitted the dock.

On Saturday evening, an inquest was held by Mr. Payne, at Guy's Hospital, on the body of Henry Isaacs. From the evidence it appeared that deceased had occupied the position of constable to the Committee of Bankers, and resided in Fenchurch-street. He had for some time suffered from severe illness, and on Good Friday he gave such signs of insanity that he was confined to his chamber, and two keepers engaged to watch over him. Early on Wednesday morning, a lamp-lighter, who was going along Fenchurch-street, was surprised to see a man standing in his night-dress on the ledge of a third-floor window. He levelled his stick at him, and pretended that he would shoot if the gentleman would not go in. Although the gentleman went in, it was but to go to another window, from which he threw a blanket, a towel, and a rug, and then, trying to step to the next window, he slipped and fell. When the lamp-lighter saw him at first he rang the door bell violently, but no one seemed to hear, and some policemen coming up, they expected deceased to fall, held the blanket so that they might catch him, but failed in the attempt. He was picked up from the pavement and carried to Guy's Hospital, where he died. The two keepers, John H. Hunting and John Macready, were called as witnesses, and stated that they had instructions not to leave their patient for a minute. On the Tuesday night, however, they left him at about twelve o'clock to go down to the front door, and Macready went for a half-gallon of stout, which the two drank. At about two o'clock Hunting went to sleep in the room next that in which deceased was, and at about four o'clock the other keeper left him for a few minutes, supposing him to be asleep. It was whilst he was away that deceased got to the window and fell. In summing up the Coroner said that the jury might find a verdict of manslaughter against the two keepers for their gross negligence, but the only evidence was that given by themselves. The verdict returned was "Accidental death through the culpable negligence of the keepers, especially Macready."

At half-past three o'clock on Monday morning a fire was discovered by a police-constable of the K division to have broken out in the premises occupied by Mr. Simon Borschug, confectioner, &c., 2, Salisbury-terrace, Burdett-road, Mile-end Old Town. At five minutes to four the steamer from Schoolhouse-lane station arrived, and with sufficient steam to go to work, but, as was the case at the large fire in Moor-lane last week, no water was obtained until a quarter of an hour had elapsed; indeed, the steamer from Bishopsgate-street, with Mr. Foreman Gatehouse, arrived before a drop of water had been thrown on to the burning pile. Great consternation prevailed, for the whole of the house and shop was in a blaze from the basement to the roof, and before the flames could be extinguished the building was entirely gutted, and the premises on each side, in the occupation of Mr. Bryant and M. Manches, were greatly damaged by smoke, but not sufficiently to deter them from carrying on their respective businesses. The sufferer is insured in the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company.

**GAROTTING IN ALEXANDRIA.**—A circumstance occurred at Alexandria recently which is worthy of note, as an instance of the insecurity of the public streets of the city. Personal violence at night has been rife for many years, but it has been reserved to two Englishmen to introduce the system of robbery by garrotting. A short time ago the Russian consul-general was attacked in the public square in the evening and severely handled by men who adopted the process of garrotting, and by whom he was robbed of all the valuables in his possession. This was the first of a series of attacks on European gentlemen, and it was considered of the utmost importance to bring the delinquents to justice. This was accomplished by the arrest of two British subjects named Glover and Parker, formerly in the American army, who were caught in the act of attacking a French gentleman. The British judge, Consul Francis, was prompt in setting an example to the consuls of other nations, and, after a few hours, the culprits were condemned to two years' imprisonment with hard labour in the galleys. The British and foreign community have reason to congratulate themselves upon the prompt action of the British authorities in this matter, seeing that from that moment no repetition of these outrages have occurred.

**THE RESTORATION OF CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.**—On Monday, at noon, a very large and influential meeting was held at the Town-hall, Brighton, to receive a report from the executive committee appointed to superintend the work of restoring the spire of Chichester Cathedral. The Earl of Chichester presided. The Duke of Richmond read the report, which stated that since February, 1855, when the last appeal for subscriptions was made in Brighton, the tower had been completed, and before the approach of the winter the spire itself was raised sixty feet. Should the weather prove favourable it was anticipated that before the next anniversary of the Queen's coronation the capstone of the whole would be elevated to its place. At the time of the last Brighton meeting £14,000 was required to complete the work, but since then liberal subscriptions had been made, and only £5,000 was now required to complete the work externally and internally. This statement was received with loud applause. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Bishop of Oxford, who made an eloquent appeal for increased subscriptions, the Bishop of Chichester, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Devonshire, the Bishop of Grahamstown, and others; and resolutions were passed adopting the report and pledging the meeting to renewed exertions.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

On Monday, the Mayor of Auxerre presented an address to the Emperor Napoleon, to which his Majesty replied as follows:—

"I see with pleasure that the memory of the First Empire has not been effaced from your minds. Believe me, for my own part, I have inherited the feelings entertained by the chief of my family for this energetic and patriotic population, who sustained the emperor in good as in evil fortune. I have a debt of gratitude to discharge towards Yonne. This department was the first to give me its suffrages in 1848, because it knew, with the majority of the French people, that its interests were my interests, and that I devoted equally with them those treaties of 1815 which it is now sought to make the sole basis of our foreign policy. I thank you for the sentiments you have expressed towards me. Among you I breathe freely, for it is among the working population, both in town and country, that I find the real genius of France."

The announcement of the Emperor that, in common with the majority of the French people, he detests the treaties of 1815, has evidently been regarded on the Paris Bourse as a signal for the commencement of a European war.

The *Avenir National* contains the following:—"We are assured that Saxony has informed the Cabinet of Vienna that a speedy Prussian invasion is expected at Dresden, and that Saxony reckons upon the prompt support of Austria. It is further announced that the Italian Government, in reply to the English despatch which describes its attitude towards Austria as aggressive, recriminates upon Austria, and refuses to make any promises as to its future conduct. The Italian note says, in substance:—'We are in a situation which is unendurable, and it may well be that we shall be forced to go forward. The military expenses which the Austrian preparations force us to incur cannot go on long without bringing us to bankruptcy; rather than this and extremely, we would prefer a glorious issue, no matter how perilous.' A Prussian general who has long lived in St. Petersburg, as a military attaché to his embassy, has suddenly left for Berlin. His departure has provoked much remark as confirmatory of the opinion that Russia will play an active part in the coming conflict."

## PROBABILITY OF A EUROPEAN WAR.

A letter from Berlin of Sunday says:—"Yesterday morning his Majesty signed an often-proposed and as often adjourned order. By virtue of this royal fiat, five corps d'armee, distributed over the central and south-eastern provinces of Brandenburg, Saxony, Posen, and Silesia, are to be placed upon a war footing. The guards, who form a separate corps d'armee, and are chiefly stationed at Berlin and Potsdam, are included in the measure. Should hostilities actually ensue, the Prussian army will reach the number of 575,000 men—an enormous proportion in a country with not quite 20,000,000 of inhabitants."

A circular has been issued by the Italian minister of war, stating that volunteers will be received in the regular army. They will have to engage for the term of one year. It is stated that the King has signed a decree for the formation of a volunteer corps, and that a committee of organization has already been nominated.

Intelligence received at Florence from all the Italian provinces reports great enthusiasm in favour of war. The National Guard are offering their services, and the soldiers called upon to join their regiments are everywhere readily coming forward. Prince Hubert has taken his departure for Lombardy.

The municipality of Naples has voted annual pensions of from £8 to £80 to Neapolitan soldiers who may distinguish themselves, and to the families of those who may be killed in a war against Austria. The municipalities of Otranto and Palermo have adopted resolutions to a similar effect.

Sunday being the anniversary of the departure of the Thousand of Marsala, a great demonstration took place in Genoa. Shouts were raised by the crowds of "Long live the King, Garibaldi, and War!"

Five hundred Genoese offered themselves as volunteers during two days.

Orders have been issued for placing the whole Austrian army on a war footing, and for concentrating the army of the north on the Bohemian and Silesian frontiers.

It is stated to have been resolved to utilize the ecclesiastical property in providing for the expenses of war, and the Government is reported to be now negotiating in order to obtain advances on the security of this property.

It is confirmed that the Austrian reply to the last note from Prussia positively rejects the demand of the latter Power that Austria, in spite of the Italian armaments, should disarm.

The country surrounding Mantua has been inundated by the Austrian Engineers, and the fortifications of Peschiera and Legnano have been strengthened.

## AMERICA.

A procession of soldiers and sailors has visited President Johnson to express their thanks for the late order recommending the Government appointments to be given to persons who have served in the army and navy. On this occasion the President, in a long speech, reiterated his views concerning the admission of Southern representatives to Congress. He expressed dissatisfaction at the course taken by Congress. He declared that he had always been for the Union, and asked why the whole train of slanderous, calumnious, and insidious were barking and snapping at his heels. But he would live them down; one of the principles Americans fought for in the revolution against England was that there should be no taxation without representation. There was an idea prevalent that one man could be a usurper and a despot, but that several hundred men could not. The President, he continued, could originate nothing under the veto power, which power is conservative in its character. He could only stop action upon unwise and unconstitutional legislation, and wait until the people decided whether it was right or wrong. He intended to stick to his position, relying on the judgment, integrity, and intelligence of the masses of the American people, especially the soldiers and sailors. There were those who had been at home calculating during the war, who now bring to the consideration of the question of peace all the feelings of resentment which animated them when the excitement was running high. But the men who had fought in the army and navy, from privates upwards, knew better how to treat the present circumstances than any of these closet patriots. He urged them to cultivate all associations appertaining to peace, and the political millennium would then shortly be celebrated. In future they would see who would redeem his promise, who be most faithful.

The coloured soldiers and citizens celebrated at Washington the anniversary of the emancipation proclamation. President Johnson, in a speech which he delivered to them, claimed to be the negro's best friend. They would find out, he said, before long, who had been their best friends, and who their friends from mercenary considerations. Senator Wilson also addressed the coloured assembly. He said he would not dispute the President's assertion that he was the best friend of the negro. They would hail him as the negro's best friend whenever he proved himself to be so.

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## General News.

A SINGULAR discovery has been made at Rye during the last few days. While some workmen were excavating for a drain near the Udimore crossing, in the suburbs of that town, they came upon what proved to be the deck of a vessel made of English oak, and of larger construction than are built at that port in the present day. This appears to confirm the tradition that the town was at one period nearly surrounded by the sea. It is to be hoped that means will be taken to uncover the entire vessel.

THE Queen (says the *Northern Whig*) has made very liberal and large purchases of Irish poplin for the wedding trousseau of the Princess Helena.

WE have to announce the death of Lieutenant-General John Dawson Rawdon, at his residence, Princes-gate. The gallant officer was connected with the Cremorne family. He entered the army in 1822, and obtained his commission as Lieutenant-general in 1861.

THE London and Uppingham mail bag was stolen at Leicester from the cart in which the mails are conveyed from the Leicester post-office to the station. A reward has been offered, but no trace of the missing bag has been obtained.

When, in 1859, cholera prevailed in many towns and seaports of Western Europe, several cases were imported into English seaports, and the disease did not spread. The migratory character of the epidemic during the past year weakens the hope that might be built upon this fact, although it may be strengthened somewhat by the consideration that there were no traces of the disease in this country during the past winter. In previous epidemics in England, the great outbreak has been preceded by sundry local outbreaks in the autumn of the year preceding; but the disease has never entirely subsided in the interval between these slighter manifestations and the general outbreak. The entire cessation of the epidemic of last year after its slight appearance at Southampton and Thoydon-Bois (Essex) is in so marked and favourable contrast with the phenomena of previous epidemics, that the mind naturally seeks to derive from the fact a less disheartening forecast for the present year.—*The Lancet*

## ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF COUNT BISMARCK.

An attempt upon the life of Count Von Bismarck was made at five o'clock on Monday evening, as the Count was returning on foot along the Unter den Linden, after having had an audience of the King. Upon reaching the Sobadan Strasse, Berlin, he was fired at from behind, by a man who discharged at him two barrels of a revolver. Both shots, however, missed the count, who immediately turned and seized the man.

In the struggle which ensued between them the assassin fired three more shots from his revolver. Count Bismarck remained unhurt, with the exception of a slight contusion. His clothes were also buried by the nearness of the last three discharges. The perpetrator of the attempted assassination, who was immediately arrested by the police, is a man thirty-two years of age, a son of the Republican refugee, Carl Blind. It appears that he came from Hohenheim in Wurtemberg with the deliberate intention of assassinating Count Von Bismarck.

Blind, the assassin, while unobserved in prison, stabbed himself in the throat nine times with a pocket knife having several blades.

The physician declared the wounds not dangerous, as no important artery had been severed, and he was put in a strait waistcoat, but he died on Tuesday morning.

## A WEDDING CEREMONY STOPPED.

On Monday morning unusual excitement was occasioned at the church of St. Paul, Deptford, by a wedding, which was being proceeded with by the rector, the Rev. B. S. Finch, being forbidden, the intended bridegroom being a man who has attained the advanced age of sixty-seven, and who was afterwards given into custody on a double charge of bigamy, his first two wives being in church to greet him. On reaching the outside of the church the disappointed bride (who has reached the age of forty) and her gay deceiver were met by a large mob of persons, and the bridegroom being in the hands of the police, they set upon the unfortunate bride, it being rumoured that she well knew the man to whom she was about being wedded was already married, but separated from his wife. Later in the day he was taken before Mr. Trill, at the Greenwich Police-court, when he gave the name of James Naylor, an out-patient of Greenwich Hospital.

The first wife, now an inmate of the Greenwich union, said she was married about thirty-five years ago to the prisoner at Finsbury, near Strood, Kent, and they lived together at Chatham. They afterwards removed to Greenwich, but twenty years ago they separated.

The second wife, Ann Young, of 3, Robin Hood-lane, Poplar, said that between eighteen and nineteen years ago, after three months' courtship, she was married to the prisoner, but she had to leave him five years since owing to his cruelty towards her. There were four children by such connexion.

The prisoner here asked that the first wife might be recalled, and, in answer to a question, she admitted that prior to their marriage taking place she was married to a sergeant of the Royal Marine Artillery, but that he having a wife living at the time, and her friends discovering this, she had never lived with him. He had not, however, been prosecuted for bigamy.

Mr. Trill informed the parish officers, who attended to watch the case, that in prosecuting the prisoner it would be necessary not only to prove the first of the marriages with the two women then present, but also that at the time of this marriage taking place the man to whom she admitted having been before married had a wife living at that time. Without all this could be done there was no legal evidence as to which of the two women was his lawful wife; and if the first of these two marriages was void, then the prisoner, not having actually completed the wedding he intended that day, had not, in the eye of the law, been guilty of an offence.

It was intimated that this proof was not likely to be obtainable, and the prisoner, after being cautioned, was discharged.

On reaching the public streets the old man was followed and yelled at by a large number of females, but escaped injury.

**EXTRAORDINARY RESTORATION OF STOLEN BANK-NOTES.**—About four months ago a robbery of the foot postman carrying the mail bag between the village of Tarbad, Aberdeenshire, and the Deeside Railway Station at Abeyne, was reported in this paper. The event happened early in the morning, the postman—an old man—being thrown down on the road, and his bag stripped of a bank parcel containing 878 notes. Suspicion at first rested on the postman himself, and he lay in gaol for a week. He was then liberated, and the police-constable of the district apprehended and put in confinement, where he remained till Saturday last, when he was placed at the bar of the Circuit Court, before Lord Ardmillan and Neaves. Meantime, although the closest search had been going on in the woods and fields about Tarbad, not the slightest clue could be got to the missing money. Milne, the policeman, pleaded "Not guilty" to the charge. After a whole day's trial, during which thirty witnesses were examined, he was discharged from the bar, the jury giving an unanimous verdict of "Not proven." On Thursday the stolen parcel, with the seals unbroken, and the money untouched, was mysteriously returned to the head office of the bank in Aberdeen, whence or by whom no trace whatever has yet been obtained.



## BANQUET AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Saturday evening the president and council of the Royal Academy gave a sumptuous entertainment to a distinguished company at their rooms in Trafalgar-square, *apropos* of the opening of the exhibition to-day. The company began to arrive soon after two o'clock, and spent the interval till dinner was announced in viewing the gems of British art by which the walls of the Academy were adorned.

Among the distinguished company were his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince de Teck, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Russell, Sir G. Grey, Lord Clarendon, Mr. E. Cardwell, the Marquis of Harrington.

Sir FRANCIS GRANT, president of the Royal Academy, presided. Grace was said by the Bishop of Oxford. Dinner was served *a la Russe*. The tables were gracefully decorated with plants and cut flowers. The dinner was supplied by Messrs. Willis, of St. James's-street.

"Non nobis Domine" having been sung by the vocalists in attendance.

The President gave first "The health of her Majesty the Queen." (Cheers.) He then proposed "The health of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the royal family." (Cheers.)

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was received with loud cheers, said: Sir Francis Grant, my lords, and gentlemen, I thank you most sincerely for the very kind manner in which you have proposed my health and that of the Princess of Wales and the other members of the royal family. I also thank this company for the very kind manner in which they have received the compliment. I need hardly assure you that it is a source of sincere gratification to me to be present here a second time at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy. (Loud cheers.) On this occasion I cannot forbear to refer to the memory of one whose loss we all most deeply deplore. I allude to your late president, Sir Charles Eastlake. (Cheers.) You, the royal academicians, knew him so well, and know how justly popular he was, that it would be superfluous in me to pass any eulogy on his name; but I cannot forbear paying my small tribute to his merits, considering him as an old friend of mine, having known him from my childhood. I now take the opportunity of thanking you, Sir Francis, for the very kind manner in which you have alluded to my name. I need not assure you that I shall always be ready to do my best to assist in promoting the welfare of art and science, and in that way following the bright example of the public career of my lamented father. I thank you for the manner in which you have referred to me as "a brother of the brush." I shall never be able to compete with you as a painter, but I hope at the same time I shall be able to enter the lists with you as a follower of foxhounds. (Loud cheers.) The pictures in this exhibition certainly record the times in which we live, and the subjects of them in general lead us to congratulate ourselves that our country is at peace. There is one picture, however, to which I would beg to refer, and it is one of a distinguished countryman of yours, Mr. Ross, who is represented as a rifleman shooting for a prize. This, I think, is a picture of no ordinary interest, especially in connexion with the volunteer movement. His royal highness again thanked the company for the distinguished manner in which he had been received, and resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

The President proposed "The health of the Army, Navy, and Volunteers," connecting with it the names of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Alfred and Lord Bury.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE: I rise, in obedience to your call, to reply to the toast on behalf of the army. The Prince of Wales has alluded to the various pictures we see around us in the different departments of the Royal Academy, and he has alluded to the fact that we do not see delineated so many of those inspiring productions connected with military matters which we have seen in former days, and he draws the conclusion from that that we now live a very peaceful life. There is no doubt of the fact. I only wish that our neighbours would imitate our example, but nobody in this room will be of opinion that the time has arrived when we should set aside the necessity and advantage of keeping up the efficiency of the services. (Cheers.)

His Royal Highness Prince ALFRED: Your Royal Highness, Sir Francis Grant, my lords and gentlemen, I thank you for the way in which you have been kind enough to drink my health. I can assure you that I am very proud to have my name associated with the royal navy. It is the first time I have ever been called upon to answer in the name of the profession to which I belong, and I am sure that you will think that it has the same claims for respect and sympathy as it ever had. It gave me great pleasure to be able to accept the invitation of the president of the Council of the Royal Academy to be present at this dinner, and also to have the opportunity of making myself acquainted with the many beautiful pictures exhibited here. Among the pictures connected with the profession to which I belong there is one which must have struck every one with the greatest admiration. I allude to the historical picture of "The Death of Nelson," by Macilwain. (Loud cheers.) There is also "The Burning of the Bombay," by Captain Brady. The first, represented here, and still more grandly in the House of Lords, is a scene that will ever be memorable in the history of England; and the second, though depicting a lamentable calamity, will also be remembered with a certain pride and satisfaction by all Englishmen, showing, as it does, that British sailors are made of the same stuff as they were at the battle of Trafalgar. I beg to thank you again for the honour you have done me in drinking my health in connexion with the navy. (Loud cheers.)

Lord BURY returned thanks for the volunteers.

The President: We are this night honoured by the presence of an illustrious prince, who is shortly to be united to one of the royal princesses of England—Princess Mary of Cambridge. (Cheers.) I feel quite assured that this distinguished company will have very great pleasure in drinking the health of Prince de Teck and the Princess Mary of Cambridge, with the expression of an earnest hope that every happiness may attend their union. (Cheers.)

The Prince de TECK briefly acknowledged the compliment.

The President: Before I commence the usual toasts of the evening, I beg to be permitted to request that we drink in silence to the memory of our late lamented president, whose death we all mourn as an irreparable loss to our academy. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk in solemn silence.

The President next gave "The health of the illustrious guests who have honoured us with their company this evening"—(Cheers)—coupling with it the name of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. (Loud cheers.)

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY briefly returned thanks, and paid a high compliment to the taste and acquirements of the late president, who had so worthy a successor in Sir Francis Grant, whose health he proposed amidst loud cheers.

The President: My lords and gentlemen, I beg, on the part of the Royal Academy, to return their grateful thanks for the distinguished honour you have conferred on them. For the kind and flattering observations you have expressed towards myself I beg to offer you my special grateful thanks. (Cheers.) The position in which I have been placed is one attended by much difficulty and very heavy responsibilities. I consider that the difficulty of the situation is greatly increased by the circumstance that I succeed to a president who was so eminently fitted to adorn the post. I feel how far behind I must follow in the path he trod with so much honour. At the same time I shall endeavour to recollect that in him I have a perfect model to direct my steps, and I beg now to

repeat what I said when my brother Academicians did me the great honour to elect me, that I should endeavour, as far as lies in my power, faithfully and conscientiously to fulfil my duty, not only to the Academy, but to the general body of artists—(Cheers)—and, with God's blessing, I hope for success.

The President next proposed "Her Majesty's Ministers," coupling with the toast the name of Earl Russell.

Earl RUSSELL, in responding to the toast, was understood to say (for his lordship was very indistinctly heard) he was most happy to see Sir Francis Grant occupying the chair on that occasion (Cheers), and felt sure that he would occupy it most worthily. (Cheers.) With respect to these exhibitions he had always thought that the art of this country had tended to improve the mind, and thereby added to the highest kind of gratification, but that they also tended to promote the cause of literature and other interests which they had all so much at heart. For instance, many pictures were devoted to the commemoration of great acts of heroism and valour—acts which were recorded on the page of history, and which would ever be commemorated as part of the glory of this country. It might very well happen that young men, not only inspired by what they had read, but also by what they saw represented with so much talent, so much art, and so much life, upon their walls, would gather from them inspiration to serve their country, like Nelson, Wellington, and others, and enrol their names in the annals of fame.

The President next gave "The Health of the Earl of Derby"—(loud cheers)—mentioning in connection with the noble earl the exhibition of national portraits.

The Earl of DERBY, who was loudly cheered, but was very indistinctly heard, said he considered it a very high honour to have his name associated in any assembly, but more especially in such a one as the present, with an undertaking which he thought he might venture to say had engaged no ordinary degree of interest in the minds of artists, of lovers of art, of students of history, and he might add, of the British public generally. (Cheers.) Before the notion of this exhibition was a fortnight old they had the honour of receiving from her Majesty an unreserved placing at the disposal of the committee every portrait in the royal palaces, with the exception of some very few which hung upon the walls of her Majesty's private apartments. How far the committee had profited by the gracious permission might be ascertained by looking at the catalogue, which showed that something like eighty portraits had been contributed by her Majesty. (Cheers.) Her Majesty's example had been followed most liberally and most munificently by the owners of most of all the great collections in this country, and we have been allowed by the kindness of their possessors to draw upon the valuable stores contained in the galleries of the Duke of Devonshire and other smaller but not less interesting collections. (Cheers.)

The President next gave "The Health of the Lord Mayor, and prosperity to the City of London."

His LORDSHIP briefly returned thanks, after which the distinguished assembly broke up.

**CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BILL.**—This Bill extends to England and Ireland, but not to Scotland. It is to be murder of the first degree, (1.) where a person murders another with express malice aforethought against the person murdered, or any other person, such malice being found by the jury as a matter of fact; (2.) where a person murders another with a view to and in or immediately before or after the commission by such person of any of the following felonies, or for the purpose of thereby enabling himself or any other person to commit any of the following felonies, viz., rape, burglary, robbery, piracy, or unlawfully and maliciously setting fire to any dwelling-house, a person being therein; (3.) where a person murders another in the act of escape, or for the purpose of thereby enabling himself or any other person to escape from or avoid lawful arrest or detention, immediately after committing or attempting to commit murder or any of these felonies; (4.) where a person murders a constable or any other peace officer acting in the discharge of his duty. Clauses 6 to 8 provide that on conviction for murder of the first degree, judgment of death may be pronounced in open court, and the offender shall suffer death as a felon; or the court may order judgment of death to be entered of record, and this shall have the like effect as if judgment of death had been pronounced in open court, but execution thereof had been reprieved. All murders not of the first degree are of the second degree, the punishment of the latter to be penal servitude for life, or for not less than seven years. The indictment is to charge murder of the first degree, or to charge murder of the second degree. It is made felony unlawfully and maliciously to wound a child or inflict upon it grievous bodily harm during its birth, or within seven days thereafter; and it is not to be necessary to prove that the child was completely born alive. On an indictment for child murder the accused cannot be found guilty of concealment of birth. Executions are to be within the walls of the prison. The sheriff or his deputy, the governor or chief officer of the prison or his deputy, the chaplain or an officiating minister attached to the prison, the surgeon or chief medical officer of the prison, and such other officers of the prison as the sheriff requires, shall be present at the execution; and any justice of the peace having jurisdiction, and such persons as it seems to the sheriff or visiting justices proper to admit, may also be present at the execution. The surgeon's certificate of the death, a certificate from the other above-named officials, and a duplicate of the coroner's inquisition on the body are to be sent to the Secretary of State, and copies are to be exhibited at the prison entrance for a certain number of hours. The body is to be buried within the walls of the prison.

**THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.**—A singular report with reference to the Earl of Aberdeen (who is twenty-five years of age), given in a letter from Frederick, dated the 7th ult., is as follows:—"Among the visitors in town is the Earl of Aberdeen, nephew of the governor of the province. He has recently succeeded to his title and estates, and is now travelling for pleasure, but he seems to seek that pleasure under the most curious circumstances. Last Saturday the ship *Pomona* arrived at St. John, after a very rough passage of sixty days from Liverpool or London. On her arrival in the harbour, a number of distinguished gentlemen went on board to meet the Earl of Aberdeen, who, they were informed by letter, was a passenger. Their inquiries of the captain as to the presence of such a distinguished *compagnon du voyage* were, of course, met with a look of astonishment; but they were not long in discovering his lordship among the sailors in the fore-hold, where he was dividing up his clothes among, and presenting gold pieces to, each of his late comrades. Having bid them a most affectionate farewell, he joined the party who came in quest of him, went ashore, came up here in the horrible mail coach in the most unassuming manner, and is now the guest of his uncle at the Government House. When a few days out, the *Pomona* was compelled, by stress of weather, to put back to Queenstown, where the earl humbly entreated the captain to be put ashore. But the captain held him to his articles of shipment, and his lordship was forced to serve out his time as a sailor for sixty days. This is not the only one of his freaks in search of adventure. A few years ago he came to this country, and for some time lived and worked incognito among the lumbermen in the wild backwoods. He has a penchant for adventure which seems incurable."—*Court Journal*.

**BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!**—T. R. WILLIAMS, Maker and Importer of musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmoniums, Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. L. 10. free. 22, Minster Lane, London.—*(Advertisement.)*

**EXCELLENT PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES** for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. *(Advertisement.)*

## THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE exhibition will, we think, on the whole, be found not to disappoint the expectations formed of it, although we must admit that with regard to the works of the academicians themselves, with two or three exceptions, the display is rather unsatisfactory. Unfortunately it happens that some of the leading painters have not contributed any work to the exhibition, while some others have certainly not come up to their own mark of excellence. Mr. Elmore is, we are sorry to hear, disabled by illness. Mr. Millais, who has never yet failed to send some work of striking interest, has been prevented from completing an important picture, which was begun too late; Mr. Herbert also contributes no picture, while we are sorry to miss Mr. Webster's agreeable and amusing pencil. On the other hand, we have a grand study by Mr. Macilwain for his large fresco of the "Death of Nelson," painted on the walls of the corridor in the Palace of Westminster, and Sir E. Landseer has astonished us with the abiding vigour and beauty of his art in no less than five pictures, all works of importance; and one, the "Arab Mare and Foal in an Indian Tent," equal in many of its fine points to anything he ever achieved. Sir Edwin has also finished the long talked-of picture of Lady Godiva, and this forms one of the most noticeable pictures in the exhibition, both on account of the subject, and from its being the only attempt the great animal painter has ever exhibited of painting the nude figure. An almost life-size study in crayons of a deer chased by a rough Scotch hound is another remarkable example of Landseer's power and versatility.

Mr. Phillip has only one subject picture; Mr. Goodall only one, though this is an admirable one; Mr. Creswick only one landscape, in which he has been aided by Audell's capital figures; Mr. Stanfield only one work of any importance; Mr. Ward only one picture of two figures; and Mr. Frith only one subject, his "Widow Wadham and Uncle Toby." Mr. Lewis has only one, a comparatively unimportant and unfinished work. So that on the whole the interest of the exhibition, after the pictures by Landseer, Phillip, and Goodall, rests with the associates and the outsiders, as we are accustomed to call the artists who have not yet attracted the votes of the Academy. We have to look at the works of the rising men to appreciate the real condition of art amongst our painters, and to ascertain how far there are in them the signs of advance and promise for the future. The names of three painters amongst the associates stand out in very strong rivalry with the academicians—Messrs. O'Neil, Leighton, and Calderon; and it may fairly be said that each of these artists has taken higher ground than in any previous work.

We have now to notice some of the pictures in the order of the catalogue. And first, Mr. Goodall's large work, "Hagar and Ishmael." In this the artist has evidently chosen to employ his thoughts more upon the general effect of the scene than upon any particular expression of the story in the action of the figures. The landscape is a wide and dreary expanse of desert with solemn mountains in the distance and a lowering sky, and Hagar leads her timorous boy across the desert, where are the bleached skeletons of the camel to tell her of his fate. But the story is told with less force than it has often been before, when the more ordinary rendering was adopted of Ishmael fainting, with Hagar bending in an agony over him. Near to this picture hangs Mr. Leighton's very pretty sentimental work of the "Painter's Honeymoon,"—a fair beauty leaning lovingly over an artist at his work; and a full-length portrait by the same artist of Mrs. James Guthrie.

Mr. Armitage is one of the few painters who represent the severe form of religious art with anything like adequate power. His picture of "The Remorse of Judas" (No. 10) is distinguished by much grandeur of style in the figures, which are above life-size, and a fine expression in the heads. The figure of Judas, with a countenance torn with frantic despair and self-abhorrence, is very powerfully painted, and the three Jews, one of whom lifts his hand and spurns his offer of the money, are full of character, and in all technical respects well painted. What the picture seems to want is more of the beauty of pictorial colouring. Mr. Armitage in this, as in other of his recent works, fully asserts his claim to the honours of the Academy.

Mr. Feal's (R.A.) "Ere care begins," according to the fate of most diploma pictures, by no means fully represents the artist at his best. Mr. F. Pickersgill, R.A., illustrates a couplet of Leigh Hunt's—

And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,  
And every lingering page grew longer as they read,

with two of his graceful figures of lovers in seventeenth-century costume. But of these pictures of two figures we have had now so many repetitions that it is hard to find much interest in this old story. Mr. Calderon's principal picture makes a great deal out of the very simple affair of a tiny princess passing along a tapestried corridor in grand state, attended by ladies in high-peaked hats and gentleman ushers, and a cardinal, and trumpeters, and lackeys, who bow in profound obedience to "her most high, noble, and pious grace," as the picture is so well named. The idea was suggested to the painter, we believe, by the early life of Anne of Brittany. Mr. Calderon has lavished all his resources on this work, and it is certainly as yet his best performance. He has also a very pleasing and picturesque work of "Women of Flanders washing in the river Olsin."

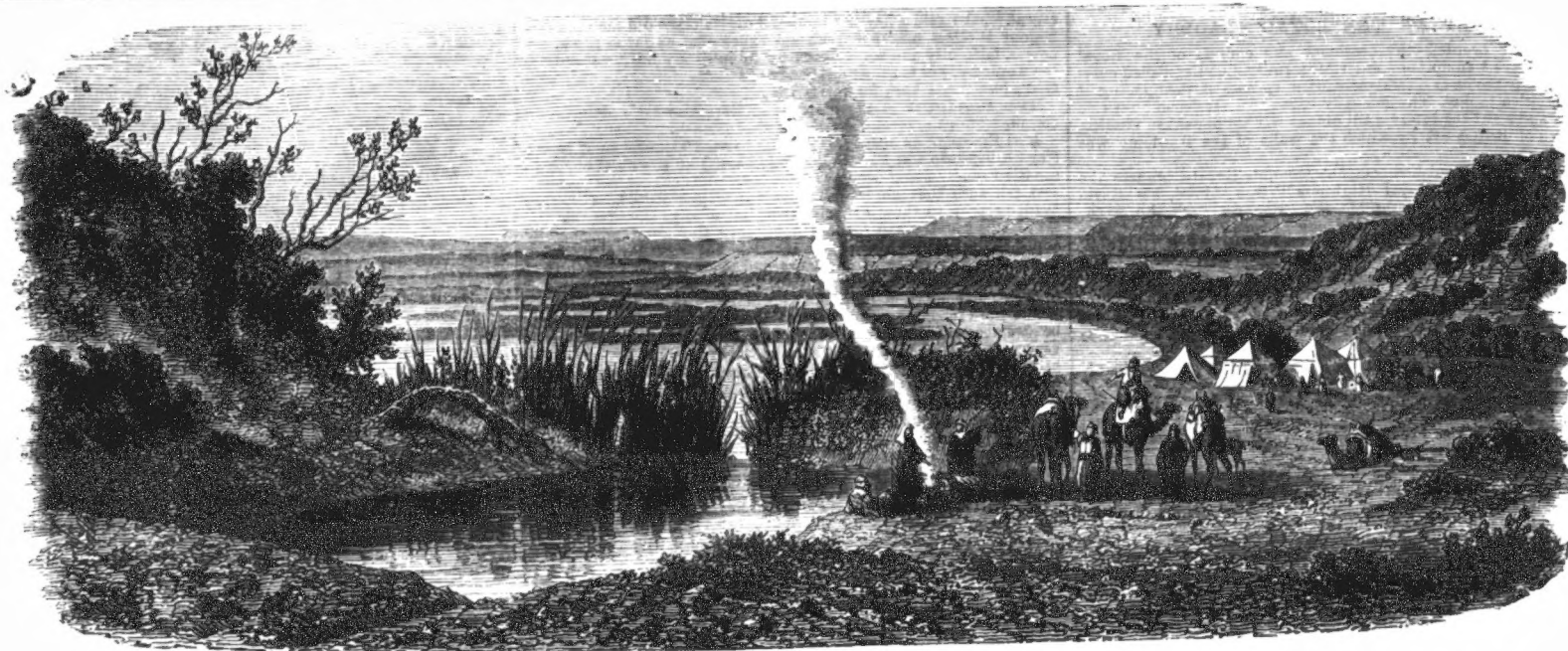
**MUNIFICENT GIFT.**—A handsome new church, erected in Castle-town, Stafford, was consecrated on Monday by the Bishop of Lichfield. The church, with a handsome parsonage-house, has been built at the sole expense of Mr. James Tyrer, a Liverpool merchant, who resides at a short distance from Stafford. The church, which has also been very liberally endowed by the munificence of its generous donor, is capable of accommodating upwards of 500 people and the cost of its erection, together with the parsonage-house, exceeds £5,000.

**SUICIDE BY A DOG.**—A day or two since a fine dog, which was known by the name of "Brace," and belonged to Mr. George Hone, of Frindsbury, near Rochester, committed a deliberate act of suicide by drowning, in the Medway, at Upnor, Oatham. The dog, a fine animal, had for some cause been suspected of having giving indications of approaching hydrophobia, and was accordingly chained and kept as much as possible from the house. This treatment appeared to cause him much annoyance, and for some days he was observed to be moody and morose, but still without any appearance of becoming rabid. One morning he was seen to leave his house and proceed to an intimate acquaintance of his master's at Upnor, on reaching the residence of whom he set up a piteous cry on finding that he could not obtain admittance. After waiting at the house some little time he was seen to go towards the river close by, when he deliberately walked down the bank, and after turning round and giving a kind of farewell howl, he walked into the stream, where he kept his head under water, and in a minute or two rolled over dead. This extraordinary act of suicide was witnessed by several persons. The manner of the death proved pretty clearly that the animal was not suffering from hydrophobia.

**TWO SHILLING PRIZE GOLD FENCIBLE-DASH**  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, with a reserve of leaves, real stone seals, rings to attach them to chains, and free by return of post for 28 stamps. F. A. K. E. R., 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. N.B.—The whole stock of watches and jewellery at a great discount; 3s. taken off every 20s., and 1s. 6d. off every 10s. purchase. Watch clock, and jewellers' price list one stamp. To proprietors removing to Oxford-street. *(Advertisement.)*

**(GENTLEMEN ONLY.)**—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentee's Depot, 432, New Oxford-street, W.C.—*(Advertisement.)*





LAKE TIMSAH, NORTH OF SUEZ.

## LAKE TIMSAH.

At Lake Timsah, fifteen miles to the north of Suez, there is no fresh water, and yet there is vegetation in abundance. The waters of the Nile penetrate the soil to the borders of the lake, and bring with them their fructifying powers. Unfortunately, the bottom of the lake is composed of immense beds of salt. This is generally melted by the fresh water, which has such an effect upon the waters of the lake that it is not possible to drink them. Independent of this, the water is stagnant and smells strongly of sulphurated hydrogen. We are informed, however, that it is not unhealthy; but it is far indeed from agreeable. The place swarms with wild ducks and other small birds.

In the engraving it will be seen that a party of travelling Arabs have pitched their tents on the borders of the lake, and that some of the party are occupied by kindling a fire with the brambles which grow in abundance at this spot. They are no doubt about to prepare the flat cake which they cook in the ashes, and which is really not so unpalatable as epicures would suppose. When eaten hot, without salt or butter, but seasoned with the bracing air of the desert, it is delicious. The poor Arabs have no other food; yet they are strong, active, and able to undergo great fatigue.

It may be seen at a glance, that Lake Timsah may without much difficulty be easily converted into a magnificent inland harbour for

ships from India, Australia, and China, as also for vessels bringing down the produce of Upper Egypt by way of canal.

Lake Timsah is the Oriental extremity of the land of Gessen (Goshen), occupied by the Jews in the time of Jacob, and quitted by them in the time of Moses.

## THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

As a contrast of style to the picture on the opposite page, we give an engraving from H. O'Neill's "The Return of the Wanderer." Volumes have been written embodying an incident similar to the one here depicted, and numbers will still be written upon the same subject. Why need we, then, enter into detail of the causes which have brought about so melancholy a return? From "Men of the Time" we also learn that Mr. H. O'Neill, A.R.A., historical and genre painter, was born early in the present century. He has for many years contributed some excellent works of these classes to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. His principal pictures are "Martha and Mary informing Christ of the Death of Lazarus;" "By the Rivers of Babylon;" "Catherine of Arragon appealing to Henry VIII.;" "Mozart's Last Moments;" "Esther in Royal Robes;" "Ahasuerus and the Scribes;" "Catherine's Dream;" "Scene from Faust;" "Scene from Hamlet;" "The Return of the Wanderer;" "Rosalind and Celia;" "A Pic-nic;" "Eastward Ho!"

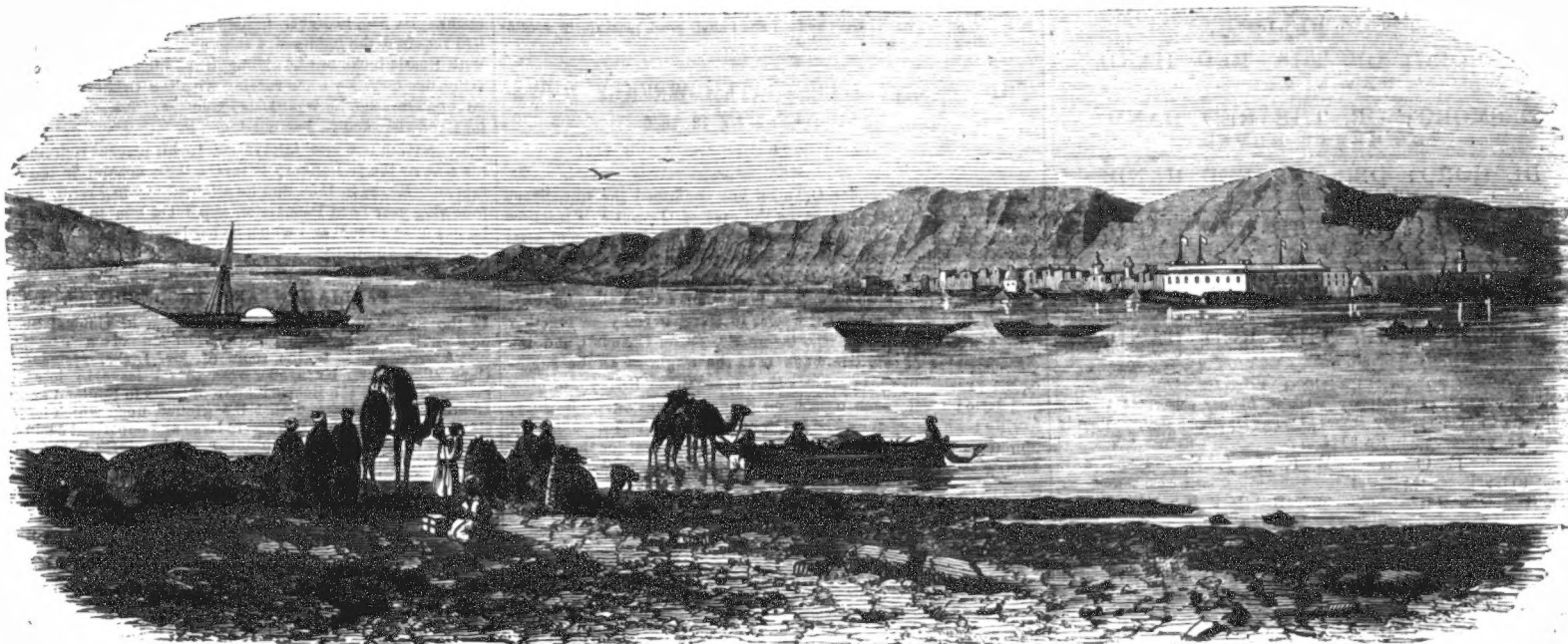
—August, 1857; "Home Again!—1858" (these two works have acquired great popularity from the published engravings of them); "The Parting Obeer;" "The Letter-Writer;" "Mary Stuart's Farewell to France;" "The Power of Music;" "The Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend." Mr. O'Neill, who was elected an Associate Member of the Royal Academy when already advanced in years, has also painted some very striking portraits.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—The *Voice of Luxembourg* gives the following extraordinary account of effects produced by lightning during a storm which broke over the village of Bure a few days back. The electric fluid struck the cottage of a workman named Austin, carried away the roof, entirely destroyed the chimney, reduced the windows into fragments, and broke into pieces the door and all the furniture. Three children, who were sleeping in an upper room, were projected out of the house, they do not know how, but escaped unhurt, while the bed on which they were lying was completely shattered. The mother and father were in bed with two other children, one an infant; the last-named was cast against a wall and somewhat injured, and the mother, who had got up, was struck dead in the room while lighting a candle. The husband and the other child only felt a violent shock. The lightning then escaped through a wall, and killed a cow in an adjoining building.



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER. (From a Picture by H. O'Neill, A.R.A.)





SUEZ AND THE RED SEA, SOUTH OF THE ISTHMUS.

## VIEW OF SUEZ.

The view of Suez, represented in our engraving, is taken from the coast of Arabia directly in front of the town. The four camels, and the Arabs who are with them, come from the fountains of Moses, where they have been to procure water; for in the town of Suez there are no wells containing water that is fit to drink, and the rain-water, which is collected with difficulty, does not afford sufficient for domestic purposes. The water of the fountains of Moses is not so good as could be desired; nevertheless, in that country it is not to be despised, when better cannot be obtained. The oasis which is known as the fountains of Moses is about nine miles distant from the shore of the Red Sea, in the direction of Mount Sinai. The camels appear heavily laden, and are about to cross the ferry.

The steamer on the left is probably moving towards the English schooner, which is seen in the distance, and is a floating depot for coals to supply the large steamers which arrive at Suez with the mails from India and China. The boats in front of Suez are the miserable vessels in which the Arab merchants carry their merchandise to the various ports on the Red Sea. They bring the Mocha coffee from Jeddah and the produce of Upper Egypt by the Nile as far as Kenah. The Arabs make very indifferent sailors, being characterized by a want of activity. The slow navigation of their boats has been replaced by steamers, which the Egyptian Government has established.

The large building on the right of Suez is the hotel built for the accommodation of overland travellers, who have crossed or who are

about to cross the desert between Suez and Cairo, which is done in vans somewhat similar to our carrier's cart, and which travel at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The mountains seen in the distance are the barren mountains of Attaka, from whence the stone is brought with which the more modern portions of Suez are built, and which furnish the same material for the jetties constructed on the right of the town. Suez has from four to five thousand inhabitants, a large population for a locality not well provided with water, which is sold at times for the most extravagant prices, and very often has to be brought from Cairo, a distance of ninety miles. There is not a tree or shrub of any kind to be seen about Suez—not even a blade of grass.

## THE FAIR BECKONER.

The engraving given below from Louis Haghe's picture of "The Fair Beckoner" tells its own tale so truthfully that a description or criticism upon it is quite unnecessary. Louis Haghe was born at Tournay in Belgium; "but," says "Men of the Times," "he practises his art in England, where he has resided for many years. He is one of the leading members of the New Water-Colour Society, to whose exhibition he has been a constant contributor. His first picture of importance was the 'Hall of Courtray.' It at once decided his position, and was purchased by Mr. Vernon. The picturesque cities of his native country, and their ancient architectural riches, are the inexhaustible quarry which Mr. Haghe has successfully worked. Fine old Flemish interiors, containing, generally, some one feature characterized by special wealth of

carved detail and painted with unrivalled fidelity and spirit, are peopled with figures in the costume of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, under circumstances in keeping, suggested by history. Mr. Haghe is also well known as a lithographer; having lithographed the designs of others, and published many important works of his own, illustrating the archaeological treasures of his native country."

**A NEST IN A GRAVE.**—A few days ago, soon after the sexton of the parish of Alfriston finished digging a grave, a robin took a great fancy to this new domicile, and soon built a nest in it. She must have worked hard to complete her design in so short a space, for when the sexton went on the following day to see that all things were as he left them the night before, he saw the robin pop out from her hiding-place, and to his great astonishment found her nest.

**TWENTY YEARS OF LITIGATION.**—We some time since called attention to the lengthy litigation which had occurred in the case of "M'Intosh v the Great Western Railway Company," and pointed out that it would probably engross a considerable portion of the time of the Lord Chancellor before the coming long vacation. We are informed that, after twenty years of contest, it has come to an end by a compromise having been effected between the litigants. Mr. M'Intosh, a descendant of the original plaintiff, has, it is understood, agreed to accept the sum of £120,000, or thereabouts, in liquidation of the claim made in the suit, and thus the courts are relieved from a cause which has occupied them so frequently and so long.—*Solicitors' Journal.*



THE FAIR BECKONER. (From a Picture by Louis Haghe.)



READ  
DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.  
BOW BELLS

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND  
NEW NOVEL

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND  
THE GREAT NOVEL

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.  
FOUNDED ON FACTS.

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.  
A GREAT SENSATION

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.  
TO BE READ BY ALL

DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.  
NO. 2, BOW BELLS, ONE PENNY

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

A NEW NOVEL, of extraordinary interest, by our celebrated English novelist, Mrs. Alice Winstanley, author of "The Humming Bird," "Twenty Straws," &c., commenced in No. 99 of

BOW BELLS,

now publishing, under the title of  
DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.  
Illustrated by WAGNER.

This novel is founded upon facts. The hero, Desmoro, and many of the characters, did exist; and the principal scenes and events therein depicted really did occur to the personal knowledge and observation of the writer, who has been engaged upwards of two years writing the work.

The Editor of BOW BELLS, having read the MS., pronounces Mrs. Winstanley's new tale to be a most remarkable and powerful production.

Two Coloured Pictures of

THE KING OF PRUSSIA

and  
THE ROYAL PALACE AT POTSDAM.

are published simultaneously with the same Number. These pictures are got up in a most beautiful style by Mr. Kronheim, and far surpass the generality of colour printing, being quite equal to prints coloured by hand.

Also, PRESENTED GRATIS No. 1 of a domestic story, called

JOSEPH WILMOT;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A POOR ORPHAN BOY, FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE. Nos. 2 and 3 of JOSEPH WILMOT are also ready, price One Penny the two; to be continued—two Numbers every week—price One Penny.

\* Not a copy of BOW BELLS is issued without the first Number of JOSEPH WILMOT—purchasers are therefore requested to ask for the same; also for Nos. 2 and 3, if they intend becoming subscribers to the work.

\* The price of BOW BELLS, with No. 1 of JOSEPH WILMOT, is One Penny. The price of the two coloured pictures is also One Penny, at the option of the purchaser; it is not compulsory to take the pictures. Steelmen copies will be sent through the post, on receipt of two postage stamps.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.
12	a	Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, commenced 1864	A. M. P. M.
13	S	Sunday after Ascension Day	0 0 0 0
14	S	Cambridge term divides	0 26 0 51
15	T	Ann rises, 4h. 11m.; sets, 7h. 42m.	1 16 1 42
16	T	O'Connell died, 1817	2 8 2 28
17	W	Post-office Savings' banks established, 1861	2 52 3 16
18	F	Oxford term ends	3 41 4 5
		Moon's change—New moon, 14th, 2h. 58m. p.m.	4 28 4 51
		Sunday Lessons.	

MORNING.

Deut. 12; Matt. 11.

AFTERNOON.

Deut. 13; Rom. 12.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast and Fast days.—This week is signalized from the fact of there being no day set apart for anything special, or dedicated to a saint.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

PUBLISHERS DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 3s. 6d. for the STRAITS EDITION. It is particularly requested that subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a coloured wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and Bow BELLS sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 6d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

B. B.—In respect to your matrimonial query the following is the law on the point: "If it is intended to marry by banns, they must be published upon three successive Sundays, in the parish church or in some public chapel, in which they may be lawfully published, or of belonging to such parish or chapel within which the parties to be married dwell; if they dwell in different parishes, the banns must be published in both parishes. The marriage must be solemnized in one of the parish churches where such banns have been published between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon, by a person in holy orders, and before not less than two credible witnesses. Notice of the names and place and time of abode of the parties must be given to the minister seven days before publication. If dissent is publicly declared, by a party knowing case or judgment why the parties should not be married, the publication of the banns is void." This extract is taken from the third Edition of the "Guide to the Law, for General Use," by Mr. Edward Reynolds, barrister, price 8s. 6d., or 3s. 10d. post free; published by Stevens and Sons, 31, Abchurch Lane, London.

N. G.—Fashion is a kind of idol, and its devotees frequently play very fantastic tricks. Thus people will crowd saloons under a temperature of fever heat, and in uneasy dresses go through particular ceremonies, while the known effects of such are illness and exhaustion. Again, fashion will declare what is the most ugly to be most beautiful; and thousands upon thousands who have eyes and judgments to direct them, will run a race to clothe themselves in habits of grotesque form. Let any man who has lived long in a large city take his experience of fashion, and he will not require to be informed of the extravagance; and very likely while he is taking up his eyes he will find that such things should be, he is himself a subject of the idols, though probably not to the extent others are.

M. M.—The Marseilles Hymn (or the Marseillaise, as it was more frequently called) was composed, both words and music, in 1792, by R. M. de Lisle, a French officer then stationed at Strasbourg. It took its name from the fact of its having been first sung in Paris by a band of men brought from Marseilles by a leading revolutionary named Barbaroux, to aid in the revolution of August 10, 1792.

W. S. O.—To your first question, not at all; to your second, yes, price 6d. and is.

R. K.—Your friend's claims as to the power of his memory are doubtless exaggerated. He is like the old sea captain who declared that he had crossed the Atlantic so often that he knew every wave by sight.

B. Q.—Send us your address and we shall have much pleasure in recommending you a London solicitor.

#### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Court of Exchequer Chamber has confirmed the unanimous decision of the fifteen judges on the case of Charlotte Winsor—a case which notably illustrates a weak point in our system of trial by jury. This notorious person, whose crimes would entitle her to rank in infamy with Lucretia or Topham, but that her victims were infants of humble parentage, is now left a third time for execution. She was first tried at Exeter in March of last year, together with a woman named Harris, before Mr. Baron Channell, and the circumstances of this trial have been the origin of all the subsequent proceedings. It appears that it began on Friday morning and lasted until seven o'clock on Saturday evening. The jury, having been charged by the judge, then retired, and were looked up until near midnight. At last Baron Channell sent for them, and, finding there was no prospect of obtaining a verdict, discharged them at once, but ordered the prisoners to be kept in custody until the next assizes. The motive for doing so was, no doubt, one of convenience, the next day being Sunday, all the other business at Exeter having been completed, and the judge being expected at Bodmin. Accordingly the two prisoners were tried again before Mr. Justice Keating, at the Summer Assizes, on the 25th of July, when Harris, being admitted as Queen's evidence, gave testimony which led to Winsor's conviction. Winsor was thereupon sentenced to be hanged; the scaffold was already erected, the grave was dug, and Calcraft was in the goal, when, on the very evening before the day for the execution, a reprieve, founded on a writ of error, was received by the authorities. The writ alleged, in effect, that, having once been tried for her life, the prisoner could not again be put in peril on the same charge, and, moreover, that Harris ought to have been acquitted before she could be admitted as a witness. These objections had been raised before Mr. Justice Keating and overruled by him, but they were considered sufficient to justify a reconsideration of the whole question by the Court of Queen's Bench. It was argued in due course before the Lord Chief Justice and three other judges, who were all of opinion that the conviction was good. The prisoner was remanded to Exeter, and the execution would have taken place forthwith, but Sir George Grey, still entertaining scruples about the discretion exercised by Mr. Baron Channell, requested the whole body of judges to meet and discuss the matter. The result was that all expressed their concurrence with the judgment of the Queen's Bench, and this time it seemed that nothing could rescue Winsor from the fate she deserved so richly. "A certain Monday was fixed for the execution, and on Saturday night Calcraft was in Exeter Gaol, the grave was again dug, and the scaffold a second time erected, when another respite was received." The Attorney-General had been induced to issue his fiat remitting the case to the Court of Exchequer Chamber, and this court has finally pronounced against the prisoner's appeal. Charlotte Winsor is, therefore, again consigned to the custody of the sheriff of Devonshire, and left without hope of mercy in this world. Never, in the annals of murder, did a human being show a more hideous perversion of all human feelings. A woman of middle age regularly taking commissions to stifle her neighbour's offspring in the manner described by Harris for a fee of prescribed amount is altogether beyond the pale of compassion. Still, after all that has passed, we shall not be surprised to hear that her Majesty has been advised to commute the capital sentence upon Charlotte Winsor. When once a prisoner has been respited—still more, when execution has been deferred for a whole year, a consideration which it is not easy to analyse intervenes to make the infliction of the death penalty an act of doubtful policy. It is not exactly pity for the culprit, or a belief that justice has been adequately vindicated by the torture of suspense, but rather a consciousness that capital punishment would no longer have an exemplary or salutary effect.

THE announcement that Vice-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, C.B., has hoisted his flag, preparatory to his departure to take the command in chief in the Mediterranean, and that he is to be made a Privy Councillor, reminds us that the Government is about to lose one of its most able and zealous administrators. But though the Government may miss his useful assistance at home, he will by no means be even temporarily lost to his country, since his talents and activity will only be transferred from one sphere of the public service to another. Lord Clarence Paget has served his country from a very early age; and his varied and vigorous powers, which have enabled him to succeed in the functions of the statesman and administrator, no less than in the active duties of the profession to which he was bred, seem to mark him out for still more important public services than any he has yet had an opportunity of rendering. He is still in the prime of intellectual life, and may, in the natural course of things, look forward to a long career of active and honourable services, whether on the deck or at home, of the kind which the country, whether in peace or war, is most likely to need. Our navy is our right arm. An admiral who is thoroughly acquainted by long practical experience with the machinery of the Admiralty, the work of administration, the duties and functions of a member of the legislature, is the very man to be in command of a fleet in active service. On the other hand, an experienced naval commander bred in the service, and who is possessed of first-rate business capacity, is the very man whose presence is of the greatest use at the Admiralty and in parliament. Lord Clarence Paget has, it must be admitted, enjoyed singular opportunities for cultivating the talents which he has shown he possesses in so high a degree—for gaining a practical knowledge of his profession afloat, and of the details of public business on shore. His father, the late Marquis of Anglesey, was accounted in his day the best cavalry officer in Europe, and when the field-marshal was master-general of the ordnance, Lord Clarence filled the office of secretary—a post in which, compara-

tively subordinate as it was, his attention to his duties and his capacity for mastering the details of official business were conspicuous. He had, however, in his early youth been sent to sea, and had acquired the habits of a thorough sailor; and when the war with Russia broke out he distinguished himself by his activity and sailor-like qualities when serving with the Crimean fleet. Nearly twenty years ago he was elected member of the House of Commons for Sandwich, and he has continued to represent that place, with the exception of a brief interval, up to his present retirement from his seat, as the preliminary to taking the command in the Mediterranean. It was in 1858 that he attained his flag rank, and in the following year Lord Palmerston appointed him to the office which he has filled so well and which he has just resigned—the Secretaryship of the Admiralty.

#### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Commons, on the motion of Colonel Taylor, a new writ was ordered for the election of a new member for Aberdeenshire, in the room of Mr. Leslie, resigned. The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose to ask leave to introduce his proposed Bill for the Redistribution of Seats in England and Wales. In doing so he observed that the ground upon which he took his stand was the fact that there were large and important communities, many of them growing communities, whilst others were stationary, but both having this feature in common, that they were not now represented in the House of Commons in proportion to their just demands. In searching for means to make their representation more adequate it was clear that there were to be equitably obtained only by resorting to a re-arrangement upon the superabundant representation of small boroughs which still prevailed in this country. This being the case, the object of the Government was to consider in what way they could most justly apply this principle to the small boroughs, and they had come to the conclusion that it would be most agreeable to the equity of the case that no borough should be absolutely extinguished, but that in lieu thereof recourse shall be had to the system which answered so well in Scotland, that of grouping such boroughs. The number of seats, then, which he proposed to obtain for the purposes of redistribution by the Bill was forty-nine. And this would be done by a double operation. He proposed, first, to withdraw one member from every borough having a population under 8,000, by which process thirty seats would be placed at the disposal of parliament, and these boroughs be still left in the possession of one member each. The second part of the proposal was to group as many of those boroughs as could be joined together with geographical convenience. The population of the groups would differ, and with respect to that difference he proposed to assign one or two representatives, as the case might be. Where the population of a group was less than 15,000 there would be one member, and where it was above 15,000 there would be two members for the group. The lowest of the population of the groups would be a little under 10,000, and the highest of them 20,000 or 21,000. The right hon. gentleman then read a list of the proposed groups, after which he passed on to the operation of the enfranchisement. He proposed to give twenty-six seats to counties in England. First, by dividing the southern division of Lancashire, and giving to each division three members. Then taking every county or division of a county, with one exception only, not now having a population above 150,000, and not having three members already, he proposed to give each of them an additional member, so as to raise the number of their representatives to three. This arrangement would absorb twenty-three seats. He excepted Middlesex from the scheme, because, upon the whole, that county ought to be regarded as having an affinity to the metropolis rather than to the rest of the country. Further, he proposed to give a third member to four boroughs having a population exceeding 200,000 each. These were Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, and a second one to Salford, which had a population of 100,000. He would next divide the borough of the Tower Hamlets into two sections, each to return two members, and unite Chelsea and Kensington into one borough with two members. He proposed likewise to give one member to each of all unrepresented municipal boroughs having a population exceeding 15,000. These were Barnley, Salford, Grays, Havering, Hartlepool, Middlesbrough, and Dewsbury. By these arrangements forty-one seats out of the forty-nine were disposed of. The forty-second seat he proposed to confer on the University of London. Forty-two seats being thus distributed, they had resolved that the remaining seven seats should be transferred to Scotland. An additional member would be given to each of three counties—Ayr, Lanark, and Aberdeen—a third member to the city of Glasgow, a third to the city of Edinburgh, a second to Dundee, and one member to the Scottish universities. So far as the Welsh constituencies were concerned, he did not propose to interfere with the existing arrangements, the boroughs there being grouped and the system worked satisfactorily. With regard to the question of the boundaries of boroughs, the Bill proposed that the parliamentary boundary should be coeval with the municipal, and that the enclosure commissioners should consider the proper boundaries for the enfranchised towns, and the limits which should divide the two sections of the Tower Hamlets. After some observations from Mr. Disraeli and other hon. members, leave was given to bring in the Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating that he should propose its second reading on Monday next. The Lord Advocate obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the representation of the people in Scotland, which was based upon the same principle as the Franchise Bill for England by lowering the qualification in boroughs to a £7, and the qualification in counties to a £14 occupation. The former proposal would have the effect of increasing the borough constituencies by about 26,000 electors, of whom 17,100 would be of the working class. He could not state with accuracy what the operation of the measure would be in the counties, but he believed it would result in nearly doubling the number of persons who now held the occupation franchise. The Bill would also reduce the property franchise in counties from £10 to £5, with the condition, however, of personal residence. Mr. O. Forster then submitted his Irish Reform Bill, which, in an apologetic exordium, he described as not of a very large or extensive nature. In the first place, it would not make any alteration in the county franchise, owing to that question having been dealt with so recently as the year 1850, by the Bill of Sir W. Somerville, then Secretary for Ireland. With regard to the boroughs, however, where the constituencies had greatly diminished in numbers since that date, it proposed to reduce the rating occupation franchise from £8 to £6, the effect of which would be to add about 5,500 persons to the borough register. The Bill also contained a clause creating a lodger franchise, also a clause creating a savings' bank franchise on the model of that in the English Bill. There would be a transfer of three seats, by a grouping of boroughs, which he conferred on Dublin City, Cork County, and the Queen's University.

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist of 119, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no pain.—(Advertisement.)

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD. Superior Harmoniums from £4 4s. 6d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.—(Advertisement.)



## The Court.

The Queen, in person, held a Court on Saturday at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Helena, and Princess Alfred and Arthur, appeared to be in excellent health. The Court presented a brilliant appearance, but the preparations were confined to a limited number.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Major T. Esdale, and suite honoured the performance at the Theatre Royal New Adelphi on Monday evening.

Prince Teck and the Princess Mary of Cambridge will be married on the 11th of June.—*Cont Journal*

The Queen, with their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena and Prince Leopold, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, Windsor. The Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng preached the sermon.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Alfred, with Viscountess Walden, Major T. Esdale, and the Hon. E. Yorks, in waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday.

The Communion Service was read by the Rev. the Sub-dean, the Rev. T. V. Povah, and the Rev. Thomas Mills.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

A feverish excitement takes possession of all ranks of racing men on the eve of the Derby, but to no class of sportsmen is the issue of each day's transactions in the turf market of such vital importance as to the professional layer of the odds. At all times the slightest inclination of the balance is watched with intense anxiety; but at no other period are the delicate vibrations of the "odds" caught up and dealt with in such an earnest and appreciative spirit as on the Monday before Bath races, that meeting so fatal to many pretenders to the "Blue Riband" of the turf. Saturday's doings gave strong indications that something sensational would be enacted on the Monday, and sure enough any anticipations on that score were realized in the favour of Blue Riband, whose opening price at the Victoria Club to-day was 12 to 1. But after one or two shots were fired at those odds, layers reduced their price a point, and 11 to 1 was taken to £100. There was no other feature deserving of mention, and at Knightsbridge the general tone of things, as far as the favourites and "the Riband" were concerned, was much about the same. At first it was supposed that Bastie would suffer materially from the advance of his stable companions, but the demonstration against him was by no means "official." A certain Northern bookmaker (who has been good-humouredly bracketed into the ranks of Mars) was singularly industrious in his efforts to "knock out" the Duke of Beaufort's horse; but his several offers of 100 to 30 were responded to, while at the same time 3 to 1 was taken in most substantial quarters on the quiet. Two to one was the highest price, to money, that could have been obtained about Lord Lyon, although we saw one gentleman better avail himself of a quiet opportunity of hedging some good money at 9 to 4, which he did to £200. At the commencement of business 1,200 to 100 was laid against the Marquis of Hastings's horse, and shortly afterwards 1,100 to 100, but the continued firmness of "the lout" stilled off many intending backers of "the Doctor's tip," consequently the latter price was procurable to the very last. There was a strong party behind Redan, but nothing would satisfy them under 11 to 1, which was booked to about £200. Vespasian was friendless at 20 to 1, but Monarch of the Glen and a solitary backer, who took 1,000 to 45. An outsider, Strathmore, that was supposed the other day to be *hors de combat*, discovered some signs of returning animation, 50 to 1 having been taken just at the finish. Another outsider must not be forgotten. Harlequin was "thrown in" with Redan for ten "fifties." The Bribery colt was undergoing a "trial" here as well as on his "native heath," but the result was by no means satisfactory to his early backers, 1,000 to 30 having been laid and subsequently offered.

THE DUNDEE.—2 to 1 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off); take 9 to 4; 3 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Bastie (1); 11 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Redan (1); 12 to 1 agst Marquis of Hastings' Blue Riband (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Chaplin's Vespasian (off); 1,000 to 45 agst Mr. R. O. Naylor's Monarch of the Glen (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Jackson's Stabber (off); 25 to 1 agst Lord Ebor's Knight of the Crescent (off); 1,000 to 30 agst Marquis of Alibon's Bribery colt (1 and off); 1,000 to 20 agst Mr. Watt's Strathmore (1); 3,000 to 30 agst Mr. Saville's Leybourne (1); 3,000 to 25 agst Mr. G. Bryn's Lanerol (1); 100 to 30 on Lord Lyon and Bastie (1); 250 to 100 agst Blue Riband for a place (1).

### COUNTRY SKETCHES.—WARWICK CASTLE.

THE great glory of the town and county of Warwick is its Castle, the seat of the Earl of Warwick, and the most magnificent of the ancient feudal mansions of the English nobility still used as a residence. It stands on a rock overhanging the Avon, a little to the south-east of the town. It retains much of its ancient grandeur of appearance, and, unharmed by time, presents an interesting memorial of by-gone ages. Its foundation is attributed to Ethelred, daughter of Alfred, in 915; but no authentic trace now remains of the original building. Ouse's Tower, 147 feet in height, supposed to have been built at least 700 years ago, is in a perfect state of preservation. Guy's Tower, 128 feet in height, and built in 1394, is also nearly perfect; it appears to be of a decorated character, and, though very plain, is perhaps the most perfect remnant of its kind in existence, and curious alike as to composition and construction. The principal entrance faces the east side of the town, and the approach to it is a broad winding road, cut in the solid rock. Before the front is a dense moat, a stone arch over which has replaced the ancient drawbridge. On passing the double gateway, the visitor finds himself in the inner court of the castle, surrounded on all sides by lofty battlemented walls and ramparts. This castle was formerly a strong fortress; and, by means of open flights of stone steps and passages on the tops of the walls, there is a line of communication all round the building. The parts of this vast and venerable pile that are occupied by the family are magnificently fitted up, but so as to harmonize in all respects with the style and character of the building. The collection of paintings is at once extensive and valuable.

LIVE STOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—A return has just been issued from the statistical department of the Board of Trade, which gives several particulars respecting live stock in the United Kingdom. It appears that on the 5th of March last there were in the United Kingdom 3,318,930 cattle, 25,794,708 sheep, and 8,900,889 pigs. Up to the 21st April last, 181,443 cattle either died or had been killed on account of the plague, being a loss of 3.68 computed upon estimated ordinary stock. The paper also contains a statement of the population and number of live stock in the United Kingdom and in various foreign countries.

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT. It allowed to progress, results in serious pulmonary and bronchial affections, sometimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts and give instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine men in this country at 1s. 1d. per box.—(Advertisement.)

### HINTS TO SPORTSMEN—WHAT TO WEAR

[From Land and Water.]

PERSONAL appearance is the great letter of recommendation which the majority of us have to present to society. It is our business to fortify ourselves with the introduction, unless we are able to walk, like Minerva, fully equipped at our birth into the assembly of gods and goddesses; and to take our place without question. There are two questions, indeed, which are likely to be asked of every one, and it will be desirable that one or other of them should be answered favourably—"Who is he?" or "What is he like?"

To the first of these it will be well if our social grandfather can reply, "He is Viscount Smith, son of Lord Jones; will be an earl with thirty thousand a year, and is patron of five livings." In this case Smith may dress as he likes, and look as he likes. Can a viscount wear a bad hat? Can his hands be thrust too far into his breeches pockets? Can he roll in his gait, or stand in need of soap and water? Can his boots be ill-made or his shirt dirty; and is a beard and half a dozen bristles on each side of the nose unbecoming to a lord? Certainly not. There is an innate majesty which doth hedge in a nobleman, that dispenses with external protection altogether. But we cannot all be Smiths, although there is a goodly number of pages devoted to the family in the "Royal Blue Book;" and then we must fall back upon that other inquiry of "What is he like?" Happy the man of whom it can be predicated that, "though he is no beauty, he looks like a gentleman."

"To look like a gentleman," implies beyond all question propriety of costume. They say there are men who would look like gentlemen in anything. I think there are many more who would look like gentlemen in nothing. The present mode of clothing adopted by Young England is much rather calculated to conceal its natural graces than to enhance them. One of the most natural gentlemen of my acquaintance, as far as appearance once went with him, is driving a hansom cab. I cannot say that he now looks anything but what he is. The badge sits lightly enough on him; the skill which he acquired behind his own father's horses is not misplaced from the elevated position he cannot now even be said to adorn. It will be conceded that society, which is unacquainted with our merits, looks for the complement of a tolerable appearance. By the reverse we do discredit to our friends and supporters, and are general demoralizers of the class to which we belong. "A tailor; gad, sir, doesn't he look like it!" "There's another bound kicked; I'll lay a sovereign it's a Trinity man." So all Trinity and all Tailorism suffer unmerited reproaches because Snip goes out in dirty breeches and Scorcham is always in the middle of the hounds.

I am also inclined to think that most men have sufficient personal vanity to turn out well, if they only know how. That well-greased poll and sprouting beard looks like design. I am sure the owner has no idea that he has an air generally dirty. Young Frogley, with his hands buried somewhere about his knees, and carrying his head well to the fore, imagines that he is presenting himself to society with a sprightly grace, and somewhat foreign air, mightily taking among the women. Dander, with his glass in his eye, and his hat well on one side, rather intends that society should be presented to him, and that it will find him looking his very best. It is clear and natural that the great majority of all ages should try to make the best of themselves; I have no doubt they do try. Alas! how lamentably they sometimes fail. Pall mall and Piccadilly are bad enough; Bond-street retains but little of the impressions of the regency; Regent-street is simply atrocious. There's very little good dressing left amongst the youngsters out of the household troops and the crack cavalry regiments.

But if some degree of latitude may be allowed to the streets, where men pass, as in a crowd, without much notice from their fellows; where they appear and are gone, and are seen no more; where, as I have said, personal vanity induces them to indulge in various laxities of costume; and where they may escape observation from the crowd of more attractive matter which surrounds us, the same license cannot be given to the hunting field. Appearance is of the highest consideration. You will be scanned pitilessly by your brother sportsman. There is a quarter of an hour allowed for it at the meet, and it will happen half a dozen times over during the day (when there is nothing to do, men and women always talk about one another), unless the exceptional character of your performance in the field, good or bad, shall turn their attention from the colour of your breeches or the fit of your boots. No man should be conspicuous for singularity or untidiness unless he means to exhibit himself in the front rank. This is not the usual combination of circumstances, for I have almost always remarked that the best-dressed men are the least partial to other people's dirt, or the deteriorating process of muddling in a lane.

The first thing I shall remark upon is the advantage of a clean shave. Fancy the Pasha of Egypt in top boots! A fine silky flowing beard has its admirers, even beyond the possessor himself; but it is sadly thrown away without a turban or a fez, and altogether *de trop* in the hunting field. It may be effective enough with a sombrero, an open shirt collar, wide breeches, and Charles the Second boots. It may suit pig-sticking, and will be seen to advantage on the top of an elephant contending with the tiger. It is bad enough to be condemned to see a fat race ridden in moustachios; but a beard with a modern chimney-pot, or with a scarlet coat, above all with leather breeches and a pair of top-boots, is a thing in which, as a matter of taste, not even first-class performers ought to indulge. It does not follow that that must look well with one hat, which is said to be commonly associated with three.

There is a mode which has lately been adopted by some of our nearest men; it is by the old-fashioned strap, made very narrow, and with a very neat buckle, running through the loop of the boot behind, and buckling just above the lowest button but one at the side. It has partly usurped the place of the leather string, which requires to be very well tied, and will not always then keep in its right place. Nothing is so vulgar as a boot pushed well down over the ankles; and the rakish squire, devil-may-care sort of look it gives is only in place in the wildest parts of Ireland. Top-boots have, of late years, divided attention with the black butcher boots I spoke of. The grand military or French postillon-looking affair is quite gone out, but a well-made black boot that comes up to meet the breeches below the knee, is a most useful invention. Top-boots only look well when cleaned by a master-hand; the others may be polished by anybody, and are easily dried after wet. They are very useful in a country house, when you have not your own servant, and they carry well in portmanteaus and carpet-bags, without the same risk of injury.

I fancy that, many years ago, there did exist some conservative opinions on the subject of riding in scarlet. We called it "pink" at the universities, a distinction of colour it quickly attained, when hounds ran hard over the Watersperry-brook. Those notions have long given place to a laxity coincident with the Reform Bill, negro emancipation, excursion tickets, popular instruction, spelling for the upper classes, and cheap claret. It is no longer necessary to be a squire or a squire's son, a very hard man over a country, a bill-discounter, or a university man, to dress yourself in what colours you please. Red is the royal livery no longer in the hunting field. You, sir, have as much right to dress yourself in scarlet as an undertaker in black. You will be less distinguished in that colour than in any other; and if you wish to be forced into notice by the expectations of your friends, I know nothing so available for the purpose as a white neckcloth, a black coat, and a horse known as a *dee-bitten grey*. I find, however, that the admirers of scarlet have always a word to say in its favour beyond the modesty of its retiring properties. Its origin as the royal livery of some early well-hunting Anglo-Saxon; its warmth, its durability, and its freedom from that sort of shabbiness which attacks black very early in the season; these are just apologies for its wear, but I

never heard any one give it its real amount of credit, in its superior elegance, and capability as a proclamation of the pretensions of its wearer, and its powers of attraction on the susceptibility of village beauties and barmaids, during the royal progresses through the country in going to, or returning from, the chase. For my own part I can find a ready excuse for never wearing anything else. It is easily seen, and will proclaim your whereabouts to a host of gentlemen whose knowledge of what hounds are doing is usually confined to that part of the pageant. Should you yourself too be utterly thrown out, you will still be a point of attraction to your followers, and so terrible a misfortune is much lightened by being shared with so much well pretended sympathy.

Eschew a hunting cap. It is very professional, uncomfortable, and not so likely to save your head as a good strong beaver.

Nothing looks so bad as a turn-down collar out hunting, and that long, vulture-like neck which surmounts it. It is difficult to get rid of the idea that it was decreed to break short off in the middle at the first fence. There is no necessity for wearing a foot of Irish linen on each side of your cheek-bones, like the portrait of the last Prince of Wales or the late Duke of York in a field-marshal's uniform; but a modification of it is not difficult, and will repay the trouble of tying a neckcloth and putting a pin in it, by the additional comfort in a south-easter. Colour in such minor details must be a matter of taste. Some men prefer white; I recommend blue, with a white bird's-eye, and a light waistcoat of any warm material, with a well-lined back.

### TOWN SKETCHES.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THIS national building, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury (an exterior view of which we give on page 761), has been the growth of a century, between the first purchase for the collection in 1753, and the near completion of the new buildings in 1853. The museum originated in a suggestion in the will of Sir Hans Sloane (died 1753), offering his collection to parliament for £20,000, it having cost him £50,000. The offer was accepted; and by an Act (26th George II) were purchased all Sir Hans Sloane's library of books, drawings, manuscripts, prints, medals, seals, cameos, jewels, crystals, mathematical instruments, pictures, &c. By the same Act was bought, for £10,000, the Harleian Library of MSS. (about 7,600 volumes of rolls, charters, &c.); to which were added the Cottonian Library of MSS., and the library of Major Arthur Edwards. By the same Act also was raised by lottery £100,000, out of which the Sloane and Harleian collections were paid for; £10,250 to Lord Halifax for Montague House, and £12,873 for its repairs; a fund being set apart for the payment of taxes and salaries of officers. Trustees were elected from persons of rank, station, and literary attainments; and the institution was named the British Museum. There had also been offered Buckingham House, with the garden and field, for £30,000; and at one time it was proposed to deposit the museum in Old Palace-yard, in the place designed by Kent for new houses of parliament. To Montague House were removed the Harleian collection of MSS. in 1755; other collections in 1756; and the museum was opened to the public January 15, 1759.

The new museum, courtyard, and grounds, occupy seven acres. The buildings were commenced in 1823 from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., succeeded in 1846 by his brother, Mr. Sydney Smirke, A.R.A.; old Montague House being removed piecemeal as the new buildings progressed, so that the museum was not closed for the rebuilding. The plan consists of a courtyard, flanked east and west with the official apartments. The main buildings form a quadrangle, enclosing the ground of the gardens of Montague House; and with its Ionic porticoes and stately windows, having a solemn air in the midst of the busy hive of London. The architecture throughout the exterior is Grecian-Ionic. The southern facade consists of the great entrance portico, eight columns in width, and two intercolumniations in projection; on either side is an advancing wing: entire front 370 feet, surrounded by a colonnade of forty-four columns, five feet at their lower diameter, and forty-five feet high; height of colonnade from the pavement sixty-four and a half feet. At the foot of the portico are twelve stone steps, 120 feet in width, terminating with pedestals for colossal groups of sculpture. Since the days of Trajan or Hadrian, no such stones have been used as those recently employed at the British Museum, where 800 stones, from five to nine tons weight, form the front. Even St. Paul's contains no approach to these magnitudes. The tympanum of the pediment is enriched with a group allegorical of the "progress of civilization," and thus described by the sculptor, Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A.:

"Commencing at the western end or angle of the pediment, Man is represented emerging from a rude savage state through the influence of religion. He is next personified as a hunter and tiler of the earth, and labouring for his subsistence. Patriarchal simplicity then becomes invaded, and the worship of the true God defiled. Paganism prevails, and becomes diffused by means of the arts. The worship of the heavenly bodies, and their supposed influence, led the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and other nations to study astronomy, typified by the centre statue—the key-stone to the composition. Civilization is now presumed to have made considerable progress. Descending towards the eastern angle of the pediment is mathematics, in allusion to science being now pursued on known sound principles. The drama, poetry, and music balance the group of the fine arts on the western side, the whole composition terminating with natural history, in which such objects or specimens only are represented as could be made most effective in sculpture." The crocodile is emblematic of the cruelty of man in savage life, the tortoise of his slow progress to civilization. The figure of astronomy is twelve feet high, and weighs between seven and eight tons. The several figures are executed in Portland stone, and the decorative accessories are gilt.

As you stand beneath the portico, the effect is truly majestic, and you are impressed with the feeling that this is a noble institution of a great country. The principal entrance is by a carved oak door, nine feet six inches in width, and twenty-four feet in height. The hall is Grecian-Doric. The ceiling, trabeated and deeply coffered, is enriched with Greek frets and other ornaments in various colours, painted in encaustic.

We shall shortly give a full-page engraving of the New Reading Room, when we shall give a few interesting particulars of the interior of the Museum.

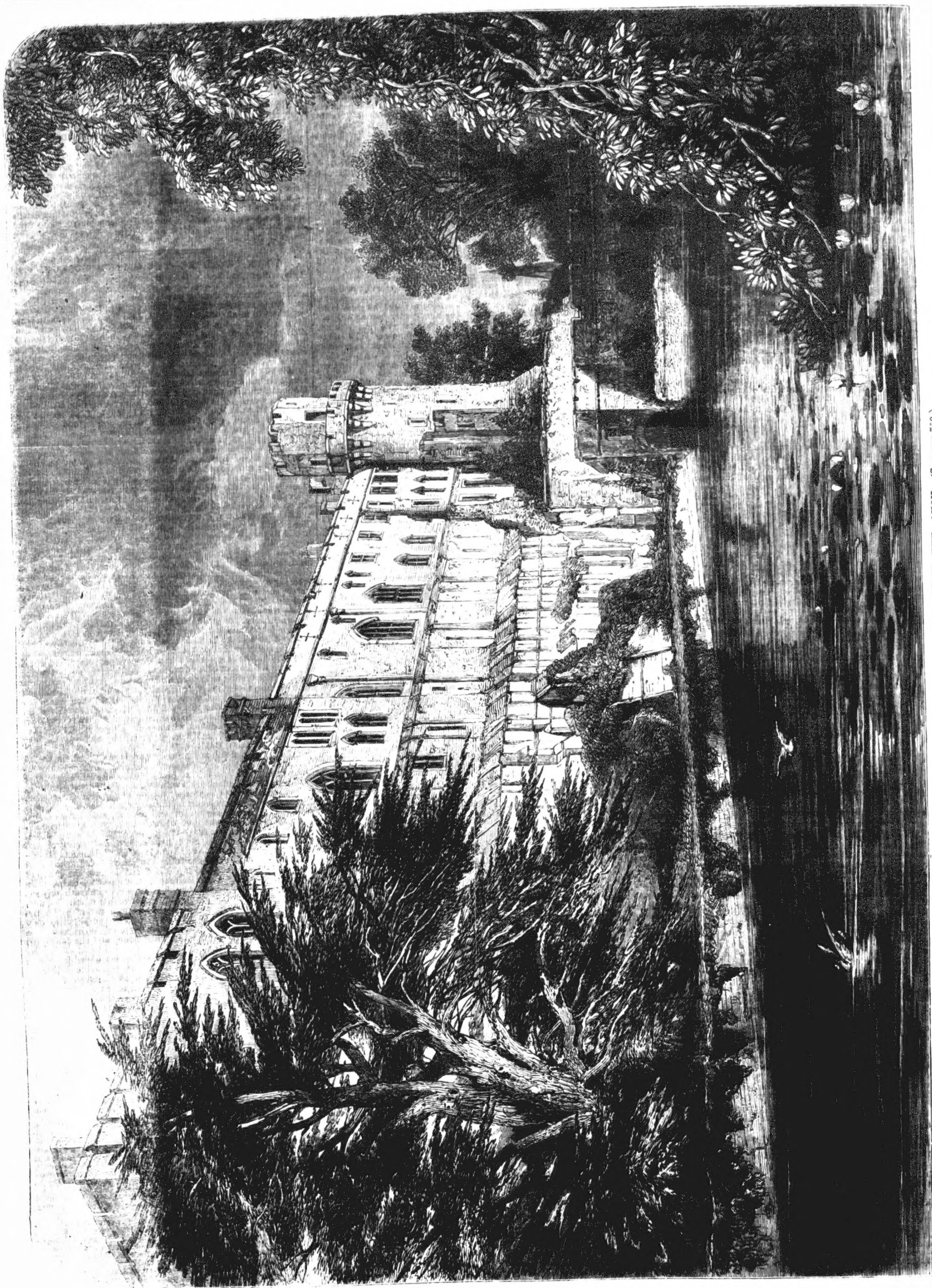
In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—(Advertisement.)

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—If so, go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; this preparation, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take and *cures* in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, and allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether it arises from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and see that "Cuttle and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price 1s. 1d. per bottle. Sold by chemists everywhere. Principal office, 205, High Holborn, London.—(Advertisement.)

DR. BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Valerian Arabica, yields three the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 60,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 4s. 11b. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 5lbs. 40s. At all grocers.—(Advertisement.)





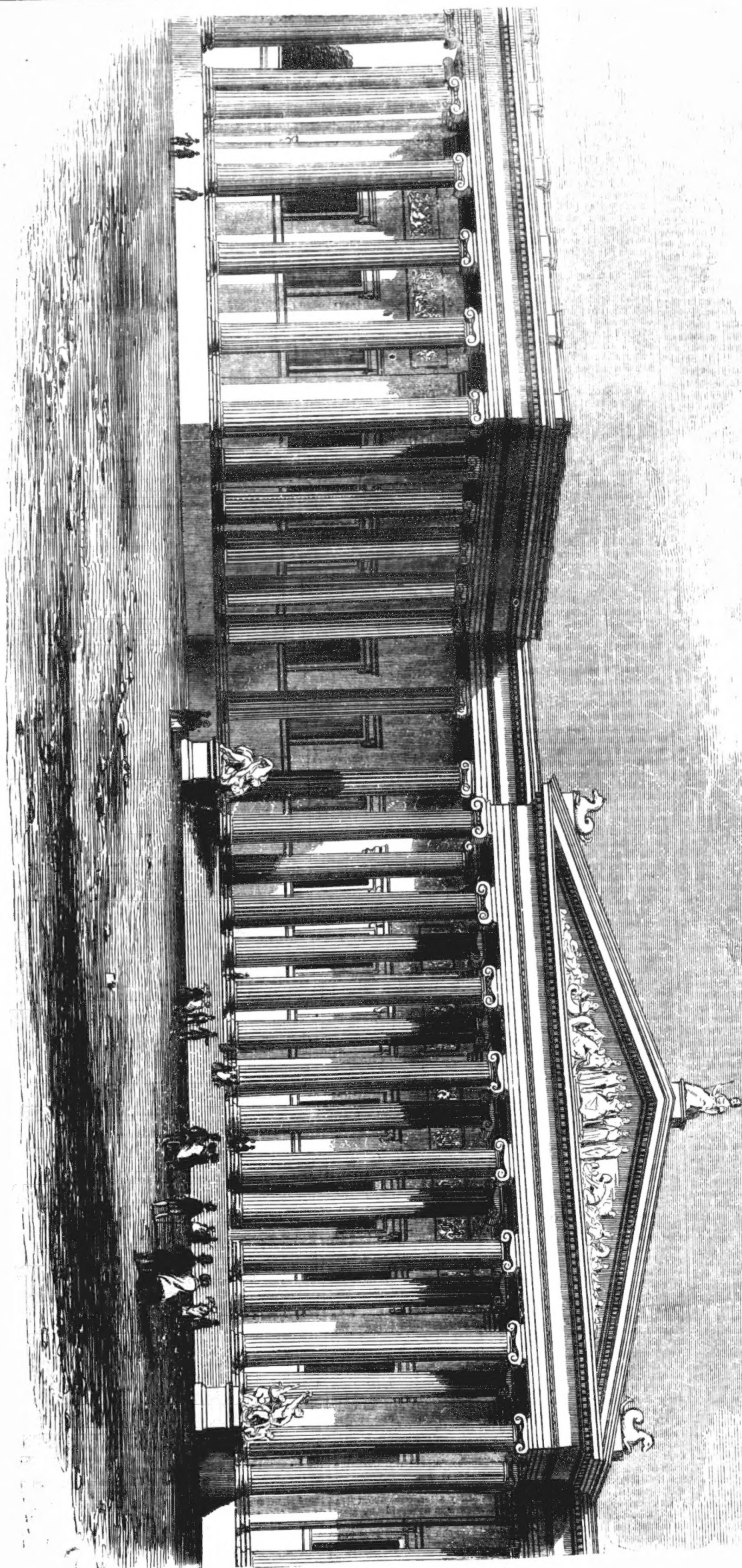


COUNTRY SKETCHES.—WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE AVON. (See page 759.)



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE AVON. (See page 759.)

TOWN SKETCHES.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (See page 759.)





## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—After an absence of nearly twenty years from the boards of this establishment, Madame Grist made her reappearance upon them on Saturday evening last in the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia." A very full house awaited to give her a greeting, and the public could not have failed to admit that if the vocal power and fluency of bygone times have ceased to be remarkable, much of the former vigour as an actress is still left. Madame Grist was received with the kindness to be expected, and was called for at the end of the first and second acts. Of course bouquets were thrown to her. Such things are inevitable on such occasions and are entitled to little consideration. After the first furor was over, little warmth of feeling was evinced, and it was evident many among the audience were disappointed. Madame Grist was supported by Mdlle. Bittelheim as Maffeo Orsini, Signor Mongini as Gennaro, and Signor Gassler as Duke Alfonso. Signor Mongini is already becoming the rage of the season. His glorious voice seems to excite the public to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. That Signor Mongini can sing, and sing magnificently, was fully sustained by his delivery of "Il pescatore Ignobile," and an introduced air from "Don Sebastiano" in "Lucrezia Borgia," in both of which he was rapturously cheered on Saturday night. Indeed, Signor Mongini created a perfect furor in the introduced air from "Don Sebastiano," and such rare enthusiasm has seldom been witnessed in any theatre. Their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and Prince (Jack) came after the second act, after attending the banquet at the Royal Academy. On Monday evening Madame Grist was announced to appear in "Norma," but we understand her engagement with Mr. Mapleson has been cancelled. "I Puritani" was performed instead, with the same cast as previously played.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The opera performed this week have been "Faust and Margherita," "Norma," and "La Favorita," with the same cast as previously noticed. This evening (Saturday) Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" will be produced, in which Mdlle. Pauline Lucas, Madame L. Sherrington, and Signor Naudin will appear.

**SURREY.**—Mr. Shepherd, the sole lessee of this establishment, took his first benefit here for two years on Wednesday evening last. Mr. Oreswick, Miss Avonia Jones, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Rosa Brinsmead, and Madame Parpa appeared on the occasion. The performances commenced with "The Stranger." The Stranger, Mr. Oreswick; Mrs. Haller, Miss Avonia Jones. After which was played a drama in three acts, entitled "First Love," the part of the Chevalier de St. George being sustained by Mr. Shepherd. A musical melange followed, and the performance concluded with "Lovers' Quarrel." We need scarce add that the house was crowded.

**ADELPHI.**—The new dramatic comedy just produced at this theatre is an adaptation from the French by Mr. B. Webster, jun. It is entitled "The Fast Family," and much ability has been displayed in its adaptation. The language in most parts is forcible, appealing powerfully to the feelings, and the situations good. Still there is much to object to in introducing such pieces to the English stage. The plot hinges on the fact that a Mons Benoiton has brought his family up to think of riches before everything else, and has fostered every kind of extravagance in his daughters. He is a millionaire, immersed in business, with a son-in-law, Didier, as oblivious of home comforts as himself. Blanche, the young and pretty wife, has been left to indulge her foolish love of dress and gaiety, and her two sisters, Rose and Camille, walk about the paternal mansion in Heppian boots, short skirts, and silk stockings. They are of sporting tendencies, smoke cigars in the Benoiton saloons, talk slang, and go to the races. Owing to their costume Rose and Camille are mistaken for ladies of a particular class, and one of them is insulted by an excited French sportsman, who puts his arm round her waist. From such a family and circle it can be well surmised that equivocal positions, not always palatable to pure English taste, would arise; and in consequence of the gambling propensity of the young wife, and in her endeavours to keep her losses from her husband, she lays herself open to the grave charge of infidelity—nay, more than this, he is led into the belief that the child born to them is not his own. The accusations are not merely hinted at, but are prominently brought out, and some of the allusions are even sufficiently strong to bring a blush on the cheeks of those to whom they are addressed. As a matter of course, all comes right in the end; but as a whole the piece is not to our liking, and were it not for the admirable acting of Mrs. A. Mellon, Miss Simms, Miss Goodsell, Miss Seaman, and the other ladies, and Messrs. Toole, Paul Bedford, Billington, &c., we doubt if it would have received the reception it did.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S.**—A new drama, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. H. S. Byron, was produced at this house on Saturday evening before an overflowing audience. It is entitled "£100,000," and full of telling incidents. The dialogue is powerful, and each character appears to have been specially written for the actor who represents it. The first scene introduces Joe Barlow, an old chandler (Mr. J. W. Ray), who is in a fair way of business in the Borough, and his wife (Mrs. B. Larkin), who is upbraiding him with his softness of heart in having been induced to take as his lodger a Gerald Goodwin (Mr. Sidney Bancroft), a young man who has taken umbrage at his rich uncle having married a young wife, and determined to work his way in the world. Mrs. Barlow has determined to marry her niece Alice (Miss Marie Wilton), a young lady of some property, to Mr. Pennythorne, a livery stable-keeper (Mr. J. Clarke). Pennythorne is a man of true "horsy" appearance, and habits which do not accord with Alice's taste, and she prefers the penniless gentleman to the wealthy and vulgar stable-keeper, and the feeling is reciprocated by Goodwin, who declares his love, and determines to seek employment. At this juncture Mr. Flucker (Mr. Hare), a lawyer, appears upon the scene with the news of Goodwin's uncle's death, and that he is entitled to £100,000. Here an amusing *contretemps* occurs in the livery stable-keeper being mistaken for the nephew. In the second act we are introduced to Goodwin's chambers, in St. James's, where he is surrounded by affluence, and that peculiar class of friends who beset the path of a rich young man. An interval of six months is supposed to have elapsed between the two acts, and in the meantime it appears that he has forgotten his engagement with the chandler's niece. Alice, prompted by curiosity, induces Pyfnach (Mr. Montgomery), Goodwin's valet, to show her the chambers in which her lover resides, and whilst in the room Goodwin returns, and she overhears a conversation between her lover and his friends, from which she discovers that he has been struck with feelings of remorse. Flucker here arrives with intelligence that the uncle is still alive, the result of which is that the bubble bursts, and Goodwin is again penniless. The third act brings us back to the parlour of the chandler's shop in the Borough, where Pennythorne, who has failed at his business, is again renewing his suit to Alice, in order to obtain her fortune, and she believing him still in a state of prosperity, consents to marry him in order to benefit her uncle, who has lost his savings and her fortune in a commercial speculation, and in whose house an execution had been put. Pennythorne ultimately discovers that she is penniless; a burst of his true mercenary character is the result. The young wife elopes from Goodwin's aged uncle, and he consequently becomes reconciled to his nephew, who assists the Barlow family in their difficulty, and marries Alice. Some exceedingly powerful acting is displayed in the parts. Joe Barlow, Pennythorne, and Alice—who were repeatedly called before the curtain—and the whole of the characters, are very ably portrayed by

the respective actors. The piece was most enthusiastically received, the author being twice called forward to bow his acknowledgments. The programme closes with Mr. Byron's burlesque of "Little Don Giovanni."

**NEW ROYALTY.**—A new and amusing comediella was produced at this favourite little house last week, and has met with a marked success. It is written by Mr. J. P. Wooler, and is entitled "The 24th George Second, cap. 23." The little piece has its origin in the readjustment of time which took place, pursuant to the above Act of Parliament, in 1752, and which decreed that eleven days should be left out of the calendar, the 3rd of September being reckoned as the 14th, for the purpose of making our chronology agree with the corrections of the Almanack made by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. The plot runs thus:—Blanche Vandeleur (Miss M. Oliver) is compelled by the will of her father to marry Guy Thibaulton (Mr. J. Robins) on the 6th of September, on the penalty of losing a large property bequeathed on the condition of such a marriage taking place on such a day named. The lady prefers Audley May (Mr. Charles Harnett), a much more attractive young gentleman; but the matrimonial compact seems impossible to avoid until by the passing of the Act which gives the title to the piece eleven days are obliterated from the almanack, the before-mentioned 6th of September being cancelled, of course, with them, and thus all the impediments which stood in the way of the fair Blanche marrying according to her inclination are satisfactorily removed. In the part sustained by Miss Oliver she sang a new ballad written by Mr. Charles Kenny, in a manner that elicited vehement applause. Indeed, the piece altogether was so well put on the stage and so admirably supported that a unanimous call was made for the author. The burlesque of "Uff the Minstrel," by Mr. B. Beccs, followed, and the new farce by Mr. T. J. Williams, "Found in a Four-Wheeler," concluded the performances. The house has been full and fashionably attended.

**MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE'S CONCERT.**—This well-known pianist gave a concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening last, which was exceedingly well attended. Among the artists who appeared were Madame Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and Messrs. Walter Macfarren, Carrodus, and Daubert. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have appeared, but an apology was received from him. Mr. Prentice played Mendelssohn's Seventeen Variations for Piano, Thalberg's "Don Juan," Beethoven's Trio (C minor), W. Macfarren's Fantasia, and Mozart's Grand Sonata (in D) for two pianofortes, with Mr. W. Macfarren; he also accompanied Mr. Carrodus in Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The vocalists gained several encores, and the concert passed off admirably.

**MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.**—The first of Mr. W. Macfarren's recitals this season took place at Willis's Rooms on Saturday afternoon last. He played two Fugues by Bach, one A minor, the other in B flat, with extreme neatness, besides Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, and Beethoven's Sonata in G, No. 1, Op. 31. Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor, Op. 28, called by the composer "Sonata Esosissima," was a very notable feature in the programme. Mr. Macfarren introduced six *morceaux* by Stephen Heller. The pianist's own compositions were much applauded, and his "Second Tarentella" (performed for the first time) created quite an enthusiasm among the audience, and was encored. "L'Amilia," a caprice; "Dreamland," an impromptu; "Sylvia," a pastorella (first time); and "Le Reveil," a galop (first time) were also in the list for the day. Miss Bertholine Henderson sang, in her unobtrusively artistic style, Gounod's song, "L'Automne," and Mr. W. Macfarren's "Coming o'er the Sea." The room was crowded—so much so, that many could not secure places.

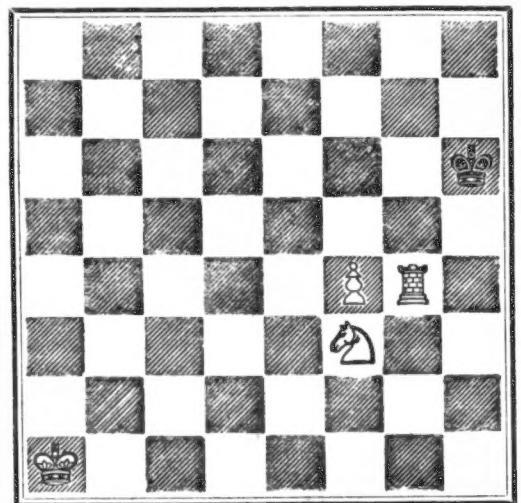
**HIGHBURY BARN.**—The sixth anniversary of the opening of this establishment by Mr. Giovannelli was celebrated on Monday evening last, when about sixty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous repast, served up in the ball-room. After good justice had been done to the numerous delicacies and excellent wines, the various loyal and patriotic toasts were given, followed by songs and glees from Messrs. T. Bartleman, C. Lyall, Cooper, and Master Connell. The toast of the evening, that of the health of Mr. Giovannelli, was then given from the chair by Mr. Bean. In returning thanks, Mr. Giovannelli gave a sketch of his early life, and took occasion to deny a statement put forth by Mr. Bonicault, at the parliamentary committee on the Music-Hall Licensing Bill, to the effect that the late Mr. Robson first appeared as waiter, and afterwards actor, at the Grecian Saloon. He (Mr. Giovannelli) first knew Mr. Robson as an engraver; they started as strolling players together, appearing at Whitstable, Faversham, and other towns and villages together. On one occasion Mr. Robson's share was £s. 7d., and his own £s. 9d. They returned to London very "hard-up," and first opened at the Little Standard, now the Great National Standard, and from there Mr. Robson went to the Grecian. Reverting again to his own career, Mr. Giovannelli said that a little more than five years ago he was enabled to take possession of Highbury Barn, then in a lamentable state, for £5,000. He had since expended £36,000 upon the place; and he must have made that amount, or he could not have paid so large a sum, and there were many present to vouch for the truth of his statement. He had been his own architect, and he might say builder, painter, and designer. He had built the spacious ball-room in which they were now sitting, and the theatre—which he had named the Alexandra—opposite; and this reminded him that he must draw his speech to a conclusion, as he had to "play the fool at that other shop" in a few minutes. The toast was drunk with much enthusiasm; and soon after the company broke up, to spend the remainder of the evening in the beautiful new theatre, where the farces of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," and the burlesque of "Mazepa," sent all home highly delighted.

**A MAN OF MANY CALLINGS.**—In a Southern State there is one preacher who has charge of four churches, edits a newspaper, is president of a female college, runs several peddler waggons, keeps a farm, and owns several patent rights which he farms out.—*Western Recorder (U.S.)*

**A CHILD EATEN BY A PIG.**—A frightful occurrence took place in Manchester on Saturday evening. Mrs. Nash, the wife of a soldier, living in St. Michael's-place, Angel-street, Rochdale-road, went out shopping about seven o'clock, leaving her child, a boy about two years old, asleep on a couple of chairs. On returning some time after with her brother, she was horrified by the sight of her infant lying upon the floor, maimed and bleeding, near a young pig. The animal was at the moment occupied in gnawing a fragment of the right arm, which it had torn from the child's body. The fragment of the mutilated limb was rescued by the brother, and the child was immediately taken to the Royal Infirmary. The senior house-surgeon, Mr. Clements, found the child in an extreme state of excitement. On examining it he discovered that the whole of the right arm, up to within three inches of the shoulder, had been eaten off, for traces of teeth were distinctly visible in the remaining portions of the flesh, from which the bone was protruding about half an inch. Marks of teeth were also discernible in the left hand. The brother of Mrs. Nash had brought with him the remnant of the arm, which he had taken from the pig, but it was so shockingly mutilated as to be scarcely recognisable as part of a human body, the bones and flesh being literally mashed into a shapeless mass; not even the trace of a finger being left. Amputation was performed, and all the remedies that surgical skill could suggest were adopted, but without avail, and the child expired yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock. It appeared that the pig had been won at a raffle by Mrs. Nash, who had kept it about the house for the purpose of fattening for market; and it was to have been sold on the very day that this horrible event happened.—*Manchester Courier.*

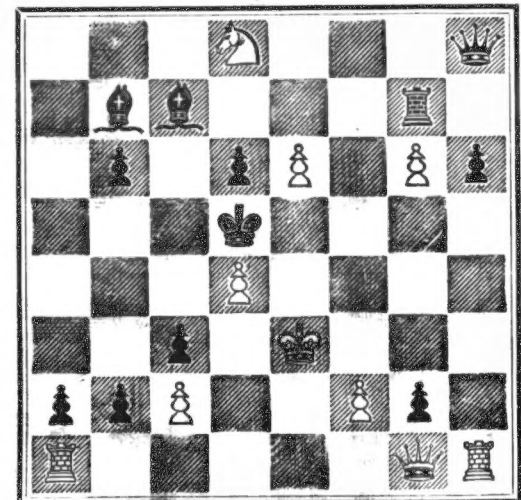
## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 357.—By C. W. Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 358.—By W. S. LEST, Esq. Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in three moves.  
[Forwarded by Mr. Rainger of the Norfolk News.]

**T. SIMPSON.**—We cannot afford space to answer all the questions which you have submitted to us regarding the laws and regulations of Chess. You should obtain the "A B C" of Chess, which satisfactorily explains all such matters.

**J. WARD.**—The way to take *en passant* is as follows:—Remove the captured Pawn from the board, and place the adverse Pawn on the square over which the captured Pawn passed.

**MORALE.**—You have not hit upon the correct method of solving Problem 351. In answer to your first move, Black can reply either by 1. P to Q B 5, B to Q K square, or K Kt 2.

Solutions of problems up to the present date by W. Robson, E. Mason, T. Marsh, A. Barker, W. Bruton, F. R. (Ade), J. Hutchinson, F. Berlin, B. Mitcheson, F. Meade, J. F. Colley, Decima, T. Pierce, Heath and Cobb (Margate), Willie, C. Adin (Manchester), W. Mackenzie, Oxon, W. Travers, J. T. Palmer, J. Lanham, H. Lloyd, W. P. (Dorking), E. J. C. C. Price, G. W. B., Edwin Jones, F. R. F. Meid, White Knight, and J. A. O.—correct.

**PRECAUTION AGAINST CHOLERA.**—The *London Gazette* contains an Order in Council passed on Monday, and which concludes as follows:—"And whereas a certain infectious disease, that is to say, the Asiatic cholera, is prevalent in certain foreign parts, and whereas it is expedient to cut off all communication between persons on board any vessel infected with that disease and the rest of Her Majesty's subjects. Now, therefore, in exercise of the powers conferred upon them by the above quoted section of the said Act, the lords of the Council do order, and it is hereby ordered: 1. That in case of any vessel arriving in any port of the United Kingdom, having such disease on board, no person shall land from such vessel for the space of three clear days after her arrival, without the permission of the local authority. 2. The local authority shall forthwith cause all persons on board the said vessel to be examined by a physician or surgeon, and shall permit all such persons to land immediately if certified by such physician or surgeon to be free from such disease. 3. All persons certified by such physician or surgeon to be affected with symptoms of such disease shall be removed, if their condition admits of it, to some hospital or place to be designated for such purpose by the local authority; and no person so removed shall quit such hospital or place until some physician or surgeon shall have certified that such person is free from the said disease. 4. In the event of any death from cholera taking place on board of such vessel, the body shall be taken out to sea, and committed to the deep, properly loaded, to prevent its rising. 5. The clothing and bedding of all persons who shall have died, or had an attack of cholera on board such vessel during her voyage, either at any foreign port, or on shore at such port, or on her passage to the United Kingdom, shall be disinfected, or (if necessary) destroyed, under the direction of an officer of the customs. 6. The local authority for the purposes of this order shall be the local board of health, where there is such local board; and in any corporation where there is no such local board the local authority shall be the town council of such corporation. 7. All persons offending against this order shall be liable to such penalties as are imposed by the said Act of Parliament upon persons offending against the provisions thereof.—ARTHUR HELPS."



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
GUILDHALL.

**MASTERS AND SERVANTS.**—Patrick Comerford appeared before Alderman Stone to answer the following complaint of Mr. Charles Samuel, of Ludgate-hill, for that he on the 16th day of April last, being a handicraftsman, to wit, a tailor's cutter, and having contracted to serve Charles Samuel in his business of a tailor, in the said City of London, unlawfully did absent himself from his said service before the term of his contract had been completed, against the statute, &c. Mr. Sidney appeared for Mr. Samuel, and said that the defendant had on the 21st of November, 1864, entered into a written agreement with him to serve him for five years as his cutter, at a salary of £1 per week, and at the end of the time if he behaved himself he was to have a present of £50. He continued in his situation until the 16th of April last, when he went out in the middle of the day, came back intoxicated, did nothing more that day, and after leaving in the evening never returned. Mr. Samuel subsequently found that he was in the service of Mr. Poole, at 403, Strand. He was proceeding under the 34th cap of Geo. IV., sec. 3, by which there were three ways of dealing with the defendant: the first was to discharge him, the second to abate a portion of his wages, and the third was to send him to prison for any term not exceeding three months with hard labour. It was his (Mr. Sidney's) intention not to ask for the discharge of the defendant, nor for the abatement of his wages, but to press for his commitment to prison. He had been treated with great kindness by Mr. Samuel, and had left him just at the commencement of the season, when he was getting busy. Mr. G. Smith, manager to Mr. Samuel, proved the agreement between that gentleman and the defendant for five years, at £1 per week, and also that he had absented himself without leave since the 16th of April. He also stated that he had frequently got drunk, but it had been overlooked, and on one occasion he met with an accident that laid him up in the hospital for some time. He behaved very well for about seven or eight weeks afterwards, and then relapsed into his old habits. Defendant said that he got drunk, and was ashamed to go back for a few days, and then he heard that another man had been put in his place, and therefore his absence made no difference. Alderman Stone said that as a commitment to prison for one month with hard labour. When he came out he would have to resume his work or again go to prison.

## OLVERKENWELL.

**SUSPECTED ROBBERY BY A SERVANT.**—Maria Nottley, of no home, described as a domestic servant, was charged with stealing £25 in gold, one gold watch, one set of brilliant studs, a silver knife, a bill of exchange for £150, a bank receipt for £200, and a cash-box, the property of Mr. Joseph Balfour, accountant, of 161, Euston-road, St. Pancras. The prisoner had been in the employ of the prosecutor as domestic servant for some time, and on the night of Saturday week the prosecutor and his wife went to the opera, leaving the prisoner and another servant at home to look after the house. Previous to his going out the prisoner had spoken to the prosecutor about a young man who wished to visit her, but he had not given her his actual consent. On his return he found that the prisoner had left the house, and the following morning he found that his closet had been broken open, and his cash-box and other articles stolen. He communicated with the police, and the result was that the prisoner was apprehended. None of the money had been recovered, but the prisoner had sent back the watch, that having an inscription on it. The prosecutor called the attention of the magistrate to the fact that there was one of the prisoner's previous employers in attendance to prove that she had robbed him. The prisoner's family did not bear a good character. Police-constable William Chamberlain, 163 E, said that on the night of Thursday, the 26th ult., he met the prisoner in Drummond-street, stopped her, and asked her where she was living. She said she lived anywhere, and he said, "You are charged with stealing some money and jewellery from the Euston-road." She then said, "You are right; I will tell you all about it." She said that a young man who was keeping company with her came to the house on the Saturday evening, remained there for some time, and when he was coming away and closing the door she noticed that he had got something about him. She asked him what it was, and he said, "I shall not tell you now; wait till we get away." She also said that they went to a coffee-shop, somewhere in Holborn, and when they got into the room she asked him what he had got. He showed her a gold watch, and she seeing that it was her master's snatched it out of his hand. As soon as she got it she sent it home. She also said that she saw the cash-box there, but what the young man did with it or what became of it she did not know, as she had not seen the young man since that night. Police-sergeant Chown, 5 E, said that there was any young man engaged in the robbery. The fellow-servant of the prisoner said she was certain that no young man entered the house while the prisoner was there. The prisoner seemed rather confused when she left the house. The prisoner said she should reserve her defence, but she might state that her master had given her leave to have her young man in the house. Mr. D'Eyncourt committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and refused bail.

**DISORDERLY CASUALS DESTROYING THEIR CLOTHING.**—John Martin, 28, William Palmer, 20, Thomas Gill, 20, John Smith, 15, and George Williams, 15, were charged before Mr. Barker with disorderly conduct, and wilfully destroying their clothing at the Leighton Workhouse. The prisoners were admitted to the casual ward on Monday night, and supplied with food and beds. The morning they were very disorderly, and on the second day going to the ward he found that the whole of the prisoners had destroyed their clothing. The prisoners made the usual defence, that they could not get any work as their clothes were dirty. Mr. Barker said it was clear that the prisoners were idle, disorderly fellows, and sentenced them to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for fourteen days.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**REFUSAL OF OUTCASTS TO GO INTO THE WORKHOUSE.**—Three young women named Ann Anderson, Georgina Goodall, and Eliza Smith, were charged before Mr. Knox with being found in Hyde Park without any visible means of subsistence, and not giving a satisfactory account of themselves. John Lippett, park-constable, No. 31, said:—About six this morning I saw the three females lying against the wall of the magazine barracks. I had cautioned Anderson repeatedly before, she having been for some time past in the habit of sleeping under the trees of a night and on the benches in the daytime. I took them to Mount-street workhouse, and the authorities offered to admit them, but they refused to go into the house, and I then charged them. Mr. Knox: Why do you not go into the workhouse and be taken care of? You cannot be allowed to be about the parks, and you will die of starvation and disease if you do so. Have you any means of subsistence? Anderson: I was a dress-maker, but being ill had to go into the hospital, and having parted with my clothes have not had the means of getting them back again. Mr. Knox: The end of it will be that some day you will be jumping into the Serpentine. Goodall: I should not like to go into a workhouse, as I have no wish to be passed to my parish. Mr. Knox: I think the mildest and most humane thing I can do for you will be to remand you for a few days, and after a

few days' reflection perhaps you will alter your mind. The females, who appeared very reluctant to go into a workhouse, were then remanded.

**A SERVANT CHARGED WITH ROBBERY.**—George Bolton, a young man, servant to Mr. Charles Cesar Hopkinson, banker, No. 3, Regent-street, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stealing thirty silver forks, thirty-five silver spoons, a gun, and other articles, of the value of £70, the property of his master. Mr. Hopkinson said: The prisoner was in my service. On returning home about eleven o'clock on the night of Sunday, the 29th April, the prisoner was not at home. I sat up some time for him, and as he did not come in, I went down to the pantry, and not finding the prisoner's clothes there, I sent to my housekeeper for a list of the prisoner's clothes, and I then mixed a quantity, as well as a gun, a powder flask, a shot pouch, and other articles. I also found the duplicates relating to the plate, and then gave information to the police, and on Saturday went with a sergeant to Southampton, where I gave the prisoner into custody. Mr. Tyrwhitt: What is the amount of your loss? Prosecutor: Above £60. The powder flask and shot pouch produced are my property. Sergeant Shillington, 4 C: I accompanied the prosecutor to Southampton, where I met the prisoner in the High-street. I told him that I was a police officer, and that I should take him into custody for stealing plate and other articles from his master. He replied, "I am sorry for it. I know I have done wrong. I pledged the gun at Southampton for 30s." I took him back to the hotel where he was staying, and found on him a duplicate relating to the gun, which was pledged in the name of "Salem," at Mr. Emmanuel's, East-street, Southampton, for 30s. On searching the prisoner's portmanteau, I found in it a powder-flask and shot-pouch. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Where is the plate pledged? Sergeant Shillington: All in London. The prisoner, who put no questions to the witness, said: I am "Gully." Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded him for the attendance of the pawn-brokers.

## MABLESTONE.

**DARING ROBBERY AND VIOLENCE.**—Two determined-looking young fellows, who gave the names of Charles Evans and John Wright, were charged on remand with robbery, and also with violently assaulting several persons. It appeared from the evidence that a lady named Maria Flowers was on a visit to a friend in the Westington-road, Kentish-town, and had left a perambulator and a shawl within the railings in front of the house. The prisoners, who were passing, snatched the shawl, and were running off when they were stopped by two gentlemen named Hartley and Keightley. These the prisoners most violently assaulted and kicked. Indeed, so brutal was their conduct that it had not been for the timely arrival of the police, they must have got away. On their being placed in the dock they exhibited the greatest amount of bravado that was ever shown by any prisoners in their position. They called the witnesses most foul names, said, pointing to the reporter, said, "See what that—i.e. scribbling about us." As they were being led back to the cells, Evans pushed one of the officers away, and said he would smash his head in. They were fully committed for trial.

## THAMES.

**DESPERATE ROBBERY.**—John Wilson, a well-known and very desperate thief, eighteen years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with assaulting and robbing Carl Frutag, a German tailor. The prosecutor was on his way from the City with nineteen pairs of trousers over his shoulder, when the prisoner and another man advanced towards him from the corner of Dock-street, Whitechapel. The prisoner snatched the trousers from his head, knocked him down, and then made a snatch at his watch-chain. The chain was torn from the watch, and the prisoner handed it to his companion and ran away. The prosecutor immediately pursued him, and called out "Stop thief." Panther, No. 196 H, stopped the prisoner, and the Stop thief came up and accused him with having knocked him down and robbed him of his chain. The prisoner said, "It's not me, sir, I have just come out of a public-house." He then made a determined resistance, and said he would not be taken alive. Panther soon overpowered him and conveyed him to the station-house. It was stated by Panther that the prisoner was one of three men under recognizance to appear at this court on a charge of stealing a watch. The case was one of conflicting evidence. Foster, 207 H, a detective officer, said the prisoner was in custody three nights in succession for stealing watches, and was a bold and notorious thief. Mr. Partridge: The prisoner is committed for trial. Prove a former conviction, if any, at the sessions.

**CAUGHT IN THE ACT.**—John Neate, aged 18, was brought before Mr. Partridge charged with attempting to steal money out of a till in the shop of Mr. William Davis, a cheesemonger, in the Globe-road, Mile-end. Mr. Davis detected the prisoner leaning over the counter in his shop, and in the act of taking out the till from its place. Mr. Davis asked him what he wanted, to which he replied, "How much is a truss of straw?" The prosecutor said, "We don't sell straw in a butter-shop," and forthwith gave him into custody. Mr. Partridge asked the prisoner if he would be tried by him, or at the sessions? The prisoner: I will be tried here. Mr. Partridge: There is no doubt of your guilt. You are sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.

**WHOLESALE ROBBERIES BY A SERVANT.**—Ann Bryant, an Irish woman, about 24 years of age, was charged with stealing property and money belonging to persons in whose houses she had been acting as a domestic servant. The first charge was preferred by Mrs. Jessy Proops, the wife of a tailor's cutter, residing at No. 8, Fieldgate-street, Whitechapel. The prisoner was in her service eighteen months ago, in Clarence-place, Stepney-green, and Scarborough-street, Whitechapel. The prisoner left without giving any notice, at an early hour in the morning of the 1st of October, 1864, leaving an infant child of her mistress before the fire, and in danger of being burnt. She took with her £2 in gold, two gold rings, a piece of black cloth, a black jacket, and a shawl. Mrs. Proops did not hear of the prisoner or see her again until the 27th of last month, when she put a bill in her window, announcing that a servant was wanted for the situation. Mrs. Proops immediately recognized her, and said, "You are the servant that was with me before, and I shall give you into custody." The prisoner stoutly denied having seen Mrs. Proops before, and declared she was a police constable, No. 184 H, who took from her thirty-eight pawn-tickets, all relating to stolen property, the value of which was not less than £100. The identity of the prisoner was clearly established by Mrs. Proops and Fredericka Abrahams. She loudly declared her innocence, and said the witnesses were quite mistaken. Mr. Partridge committed her for trial. The second charge was preferred by Mrs. Mary Ann Brookman, the wife of Jacob Brookman, bookseller, of No. 13, Umberstone-street, Commercial-road. The prisoner was in her service from the 6th until the 10th of May last. On the last-named day the prisoner left her suddenly, taking away £21 in gold from a drawer in a bed-room. The witness changed her dress in the kitchen the same evening. The key of the drawer was in the pocket of the dress which the prisoner took up stairs. She never saw her afterwards until that day. The prisoner again declared she was innocent. Mr. Partridge committed her for trial on the second charge. The third charge was preferred by Mr. Henry Thomas Lambert, sailmaker and ship Chandler, of America-square, Minorie. He heard of the prisoner being in custody from a report of the first examination in a newspaper of Saturday week. He went to the House of Detention on Tuesday, and identified her immediately. She was in his service from the 7th of

January to the 17th of February last, when she left without notice taking with her a gold watch worth sixteen guineas, a gold chain, and eight gold lockets, belonging to his daughter, three silver table-spoons, with his initials and crest upon them, some foreign tobacco, three brooches, and other property, valued in all at £50. He missed three silver spoons before the prisoner left his service, and spoke to her about it. She was very insolent, and threatened to give him into the custody of the police. He afterwards found one of the silver spoons; the other two were in court. Hise said he found duplicates relating to the whole of the stolen property belonging to Mr. Lambert in the possession of the prisoner, and there were eight pawnbrokers' assistants in attendance with the various articles. Mr. Lambert and Miss Jane Lambert, his daughter, identified the whole of the articles. The prisoner, in defence, said she did steal the things in Mr. Lambert's house, and was very sorry for it. Mr. Partridge committed her for trial on the third charge. There was a fourth case, in which it appeared the prisoner had robbed a family in whose service she had been only a month of £100-worth of property. The case was not gone into because the family had since emigrated. Mr. Lambert broker, of Old-street, St. Luke's, who had lent the prisoner £3 on his daughter's gold watch. He sent an account to the police of the robbery as soon as it was discovered, and a description of the property and a list of the articles, including the watch, were forwarded to Mr. Hawes immediately. Notwithstanding this the watch was received of the prisoner on the 20th of February, and £3 advanced upon it. Mr. Partridge said Mr. Lambert had done right, and directed Hise to report the conduct of the pawnbroker to the judge at the sessions, and to give notice to Mr. Hawes of his intention. The prisoner, who has committed twenty robberies, was then sent for trial on three charges.

## SOUTHWARK.

**SINGULAR ATTEMPTED SUICIDE THROUGH BEING JILTED.**—Thomas Dennis, a singular-looking man, described as a bootmaker, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by a blow with a quantity of white coppers. Mrs. Mary Toomey said the prisoner had for some time lodged at her house in Crosby-row, Bermondsey. He was single, and had for some time kept company with a young woman in the neighbourhood. About four o'clock on the previous afternoon he came home very much excited and asked the servant for some warm water. The witness, hearing him call for it, asked him if he wanted his tea. He replied that he did not, but he required the warm water, and then he went up stairs. A few minutes after that she ascertained he had been supplied with a glass of water, and, having some suspicion as to his intention, she ran up stairs and entered the prisoner's room just as he was putting some powder into the glass, and before she could reach him he took it up and swallowed the contents, saying, "Good-bye, good-bye." The witness immediately called in a neighbour, who fetched a constable, and he was taken to Guy's Hospital. He had been drinking a little, but she had no doubt that he was driven to desperation by the young woman to whom he had kept company for a very long time. They were to have been married on the previous morning. When the time arrived for their going to church the bride ran away, and refused to have him. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said he was extremely sorry for what he had done. The stuff he took he used in his business, and in the excitement, after being so cruelly treated, he hardly knew what he was about. The landlady said he was generally a very steady and industrious man, and she did not think he would repeat such an offence. Mr. Burcham, after suitably admonishing the prisoner, ordered him to be discharged, and he left the court with the landlady.

## HAMMERSMITH.

**A DRUNKEN BEGGAR.**—Charles Abraham Johnson, a tall, thin young man, who appeared to have received a superior education, was placed in the dock, before Mr. Ingham, on a charge of begging. Mr. Henry Hobart, a gentleman, residing at No. 48, Kensington, stated that on Sunday evening he was walking through the High-street, when he was accosted by the prisoner, who asked for his assistance to get him a night's lodging. He refused, when the prisoner made use of threatening language towards him. On returning shortly afterwards the prisoner accosted him a second time, evidently not recognizing him. He again refused, and the prisoner then declared that he would not walk about the streets as he had done, and that he would make somebody give him a night's lodging. Witness communicated with the police, and the prisoner was taken into custody. He did not notice that the prisoner was tipsy. Police-constable 182 J said the prisoner was not sober. The prisoner's account of himself was that he was the son of a physician, and that he had come up to London to be treated for epileptic fits. He had friends in London, but did not like to go to them on account of his dress, as he had lost his clothes, and that caused him to be excited. He begged of his worship to find him a small fine, and not to send him to prison, as his brother was coming to town, and would not know where to find him. Mr. Andrew, the clerk, informed the magistrate that there had been complaints in Kensington in a similar manner, and he stated that the prisoner stopped him a week ago, shortly after eleven o'clock at night, in the High-street of Kensington, and he then wanted money for a night's lodging. Not liking his appearance, he walked away from him. When he accosted him on Sunday night, he at once recognized him. Mr. Ingham decided upon remanding the prisoner for a week, for inquiries to be made.

## WANDSWORTH.

**CRUEL CASE OF WIFE DESERTION.**—COMMITTAL FOR THE FULL TERM.—John Palmer, an ex-servant, was brought up on remand, charged with deserting his wife and two children, whereby they had become chargeable to the parish of Battersea. The prisoner said he went away to look for Mr. Murphy, the relieving officer, proved that the wife and children had been chargeable since the 22nd of March last. He said he had brought the wife along to the workhouse to give evidence. Mr. Dayman said the law would not permit him to hear the wife against her husband. Francis Payne, 68 V, one of the warrant officers of the court, here asked permission to give evidence. On being sworn, he stated that in the warrant was placed in his hands to execute. He had been in search of the prisoner for some time, and had a great difficulty in tracing him. He at last found him lodging in a house about a mile and a half away from the place where he and his wife had been living in Battersea. He found the prisoner going in another name, and had represented himself as a single man. On taking him into custody, he said witness had made a mistake in the man. Witness, however, was not to be deceived, as the prisoner answered the description he had received of him. He was also accompanied by a man who knew the prisoner. On being shown to him he instantly recognized the prisoner, whose face then changed colour. The witness added that the prisoner had run through considerable property, which came into his possession through his wife. He was in the habit of running away from his family in this way, and it was the worst case of desertion that had ever come under his notice. He believed the prisoner had been in work all the time. Mr. Dayman severely censured the prisoner for the cruel desertion of his family, whom he seemed to think ought to be supported by the ratepayers. He committed him to the Wandsworth House of Correction for three months with hard labour, and told him that he would have the full term of imprisonment every time he was brought before him. On being removed, the prisoner told his wife that she would not see him again.





HACKNEY CARRIAGE, HAVANNAH.



A BALCONY AT HAVANNAH.

## SKETCHES IN HAVANNAH.

On the present page we give three illustrations of life among the Havanees. Havannah, the capital of Cuba, and the largest city in the West Indies, is situated on the north coast of the island, upon the western side of a bay which forms a safe and excellent harbour. It has a population little short of 200,000, the upper classes of whom are distinguished for the liveliness and gaiety of their manners, the pursuit of pleasure appearing to occupy a large share of their attention.

The gay life of the Cuban metropolis is most advantageously seen—by daylight (towards the approaching evening-time) in the *paseos*—and at night in the opera-house, an attractive place of resort to all classes. The *paseos* forms the most charming of promenades: broad, well-made roads, they stretch for several miles beyond the

walls, bordered with stately buildings near the city, and lined through their whole extent with fine rows of poplars and of palms. Some of the *paseos* are adorned with statues and with fountains. The Alameda, a well-paved and attractive walk, along a fine seawall, is another place of fashionable resort, as also is the Plaza de Armas, within the walls of the city. The spacious apartments and lofty ceilings of the Havannah mansions—built in the old Spanish style, with huge windows that open upon moonlit balconies—attract the stranger's eye, and add to the charms of social life in the Cuban city.

Havannah is protected by strong fortifications, especially upon the seaward side. The castles of El Morro and La Cabanas lie upon the northern side of the harbour, towards the sea, and other forts guard the city at various points. The massive walls of the Cabanas

are of imposing appearance. No fewer than 15,000 men would, it is said, be required to garrison the forts about Havannah.

The volante, which is the favourite system of locomotion, deserves some few words of description.

The wheels are immense, the shafts of inordinate length, and the weight of the body, instead of resting entirely on the axle-tree, is equally divided between the wheels and the horse. Thus is explained why this kind of conveyance is so trying to the quadruped that has at once to drag and support the load, and so commodious and agreeable to the bipeds that are carried and impelled in it. The public volante (of which we give an illustration), with its battered postilion, its lank, undersized horse, its defaced panels, its torn hood, tears no comparison to the elegant volante of fashionable society, with its rich silver ornaments.



SKETCHES AT HAVANNAH.—A HAVANESE VOLANTE.



## Literature.

**BOW BELLS.** Part XXI. May, 1866. London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.—The spirited manner, and at the same time studious care, with which every department of this excellent magazine is conducted, deserves to be held in the enviable position it does—namely, that of ranking first among the cheap literary publications of the day. Every part brings forth some fresh beauty or novelty by way of supplements. With this part we have a coloured portrait of the King of Prussia, a coloured engraving of the Palace at Potsdam, and an elegant steel fashion-plate for May. There are the usual beautiful Fine Art engravings, Picturesque Sketches, Portraits, and Memoirs; the Ladies' Pages, too, with diagrams, patterns, and interesting matter relative to the work-table, domestic economy, female education, modelling in wax, toilet and practical receipts, &c.; there are three ballads and two pieces of music by the best composers of the day; the essays, selections, and complete tales are highly interesting; while the continuous tales exhibit the power and tact of authors of the highest ability. In the Part before us, a new tale of practical life, and abounding in exciting interest, is commenced. It is from the pen of Mrs. Winstanley, whose writings have made her one of the leading popular authoresses of the day. Her new work is entitled

## DESMORO; OR, THE RED HAND.

In the first chapter we are made acquainted with the circumstance of the hero of the tale having been born with a red hand; that his father, a colonel in the army, has married the daughter of a village schoolmaster, and is absent from her at the time of the birth of the child. Colonel Symure, though loving his young wife, keeps the secret of his marriage from his elder brother, on whom he is somewhat dependent; but now, being in want of money, the brother urges him to marry to recruit his fortune. This brings forth the disclosure; and, as we gather from the colonel himself, that his suffering wife is unacquainted with his real name or regiment, these two precious brothers agree to keep the secret still, in order that the marriage with the heiress may be proceeded with. At this point, news is brought of the wife; and, by the advice of the elder brother, no notice whatever is to be taken of it, or means adopted for the bringing up of the child. Here we leave them for

calling out "Red Hand," the boys in the school had caught up the significant appellation, which they were wont to use on all occasions, as if poor Desmoro owned none other.

Many and many a time had Desmoro thrashed a senior scholar for applying to him the objectionable nickname which had been bestowed upon him by his grandfather's spiteful wife. My hero now grew thoughtful and gloomy, avoided all his former companions, sought solitude, and clung closer than ever to his books. His young heart was so brim-full of unhappiness that he knew not what to do. He loved his grandfather too dearly to trouble him with a relation of his heavy sorrows which he kept locked up in his own bosom, hidden away from every one. He walked about the village with his left hand thrust deep in his trousers-pocket, a threatening scowl upon his handsome face, his scutears straining to catch every sound, thinking that he heard the whispered syllables of "Red Hand" on every passing breath of wind.

One day, Desmoro secretly sought the surgery of the village doctor, and, showing him his marked hand, asked his advice about it.

"Can the red skin be removed by any means, sir? I don't care for the pain of the operation; I could bear anything rather than this terrible red hand," said Desmoro, very earnestly.

The medico laughed in the boy's face, saying, "And what harm is there in the colour of the limb, so long as it is well-formed, and you have the perfect use of it? I suppose it never fails to do its duty when called upon; it assists you quite as well as the other?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, in the name of heaven, what can you desire more?"

"I want the stain removed, as I said before, sir."

"But wherefore? The mark, being only on the inner part of the hand, will seldom be seen."

Desmoro was silent for a few seconds. He was longing to open his whole soul to some one, but shrank from doing so. Why did the doctor think so lightly of that disfigurement which appeared so hideous in the lad's own eyes, and which had obtained for him such an unwelcome and singular sobriquet?

"Can't it be done, sir?" persisted Desmoro, in eager accents, his open palm held forth again.

"I'm sure, boy, I do not know," the doctor returned, lightly.

"You are really the oddest youngster I ever came across! Go

snow-flakes first began to fall, whitening the earth, the trees, an every object around.

Thicker and thicker descended the pure crystallized drops, and colder and colder grew the piercing blast as it whistled by the lad's inflamed cheeks, and howled through the leafless branches near him.

Nothing daunted by the tempest, Desmoro strode onwards, an entire stranger to the road he was pursuing—onwards and onwards, until the snow was knee-deep, and the hour was that of midnight.

He was now waxing hungry, and his feet being quite numbed with the biting frost, he did not proceed so quickly as heretofore.

By-and-by, feeling drowsy and weary, and unable to go on any further, he sank down on a hillock by the roadside, and at once fell fast asleep.

On the brow of the hill, at a very short distance from the slumberer, there was now discernible a heavy, cumbersome caravan, drawn by a poor, jaded horse, by the side of which two men were tramping with tired footsteps.

But despite their evident bodily fatigue, they appeared to be a couple of lighthearted fellows, for one of them was whistling loudly, and the other was spouting Shakespeare to the air.

"I wonder how far we are from the town, Ralph?" said the whistler, suddenly breaking off in the middle of a strain. "I am getting confoundedly hungry and sleepy."

"Fahaw! What is a man, if his chief good, and market of his time, be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more!" answered the travelling companion.

"Thank you. You're not over complimentary, I must say!" laughed the other.

"The words were not mine own, friend Jellico," Ralph returned, with a grand theatrical air.

"I don't care whose they were—they were far from pleasant to me," retorted the other.

"That they were not so, blame the divine William, not the humble Ralph Thetford."

"I wish to gracious there had never been such a fellow as that 'Shakespeare'!" answered Jellico, somewhat fretfully. "I declare he seems to be driving you all mad! Come on, Bobby, you lazy brute!" he continued, breaking off suddenly, and redressing his



THE ACCUSATION.

the present; and then we learn that the good schoolmaster has heard of the death of his daughter, attends to the funeral, and takes charge of the boy.

With this introduction, we now proceed to give a chapter from the tale:—

When Desmoro was just fourteen years old, his good grandmother died; and soon after that event another woman took her place at the schoolmaster's fireside, and dominated over his humble household. She was many years younger than her husband, and rather a showy-looking woman, but a perfect vixen in disposition.

Poor Desmoro soon began to experience a sad alteration in everything at home, and he was learning to dread the very sight of his new grandmother, who was ever scolding and buffeting him whenever he came within her reach. She appeared to have taken a positive dislike to the boy, and she seized on every opportunity she could catch to vent her malice on him; and she put him to tasks of sordid drudgery, to which he had hitherto been a complete stranger, and called him ugly names, the most offensive of which was "Red Hand."

But the lad made no complaint at all this, nor did he even utter a murmur, although the injustice and insolence he was daily enduring galled his proud little spirit, and wounded it to the quick.

His grandfather noted the treatment to which Desmoro was subjected at the hands of the vixen; but the old man dared not utter a word pro or con; he could only sigh in secret over the mistake he had made in choosing such a woman to control his home and his dead daughter's child.

Desmoro was an industrious and apt scholar, the cleverest in his grandfather's school; and the old man was exceedingly proud of the boy's knowledge, and was always endeavouring to instruct him further, for Matthew Petersham, notwithstanding that he was only a village schoolmaster, was profoundly learned, and, being so, was worthy of holding a much higher position than his present one.

Whenever he saw Desmoro over his books or his slate, it was Mrs. Petersham's peculiar delight to disturb him, to call him away from it, in order to make him perform some menial office for herself. She seldom addressed him by his name; she was innately a vulgar-minded woman, and she felt a cruel pleasure in repeating the sobriquet she had applied to him, and which she knew had a hateful sound in his ears. And her shrill voice being so often heard

home again, and thank heaven that you have a good appetite, healthful digestion, straight limbs, and the use of all your senses, and never more come here concerning that trampy mother's mark of yours!"

Abashed and hurt, our sensitive Desmoro made his bow, and quitted the medico's presence.

A whole year had now passed away, when, one day, Mrs. Petersham ordered Desmoro to sweep the kitchen-chimney for her, an office which had hitherto been performed by the sweep of the village.

"No, ma'am, I can't do that!" was the lad's sturdy reply. "I have brushed your shoes for you; but I will not become a climbing-boy for you or any one!"

At this, down came Mrs. Petersham's broad, heavy hand upon the luckless speaker's countenance, upon which she left the swollen impress of her five spiteful and cruel fingers.

Desmoro staggered backwards under the force of the blow; but he uttered not a cry, though blood was issuing from his nostrils, and one of his eyes was sadly smarting.

No, he uttered no cry; but he breathed an inward vow that his grandfather's roof should not shelter his motherless young head another night.

With this fixed resolve in his breast, Desmoro sought his little chamber, where, after having bathed his hot, tingling visage in cool spring water, he sat down and indited a farewell letter to his kind grandfather, who had been his best and only earthly friend.

Then the boy made a bundle of his small possessions, left the house secretly, and sallied forth he knew not whither; nor did he seem to care, his first object being to put distance betwixt himself and Mrs. Petersham.

It was late in December, bitterly cold, and the leaden-coloured clouds over the wanderer's homeless head betokened an approaching snowstorm.

But he heeded not the threatening aspect of the heavens; he was thinking of the blow he had so recently received, and his youthful indignation knew no bounds as he reflected on it.

On he trudged through the gathering gloom of eve, without any definite purpose in his mind, and with only two copper coins in his pocket.

Sheffington Moor was a couple mile behind him when the

lagging animal. "If your master, who is an older chap than you, by many a long year, can manage to trudge it on, so likewise must you!"

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

sang Ralph, gaily.

"Ay, sing on, my lad, I like that better than the spouting; for thou hast a voice that would charm the birds from the trees."

Ralph Thetford laughed, made a careless step forward, slipped, and fell headlong in the road.

"Stop, Bobby!" cried Jellico, checking the horse, and preparing to assist his companion, who was now endeavouring to pick himself up. "Hurt yourself, my lad?" added he.

"Hurt myself!" echoed the fallen man. "By the mass, I verily believe I shall never walk straight again—never more be a gallant Romeo!"

"Why, what's the matter, Ralph?"

"A broken leg, my master, nothing more," was the light rejoinder.

"A broken fiddlestick."

"I would it were the fiddle, stick and all, so long as my limbs were safe and sound."

"Nay, are you serious?"

"Serious! Ha, ha! When was Ralph Thetford ever known to be serious?"

"Be so now, I beg and pray!" returned Jellico, in accents of real distress, for he saw that the young man was unable to move himself from the ground.

At this moment a dog, which was chained to a swinging kennel under the caravan, began to show certain signs of uneasiness, howling loudly, and struggling to get free.

"What ails the beast? Lie still, Pluto," said Jellico, impatiently addressing the dog; which, heeding him not, continued its cries still more loudly than before.

"For heaven's sake, Jellico, let loose you brute! His yells are almost distracting me!" Ralph entreated, his gay spirit beginning to succumb to pain.

Jellico murmuringly undid the chain; and having set the noisy



in mal at liberty, once more returned to the side of his prostrate companion, who was trying to raise himself into a sitting posture. Presently the dog, which had bounded down the road, was heard to bark with all his might and main; but our two travellers were too much engaged to notice his fresh cries, and Pluto barked in vain.

Discovering that fact, the sagacious brute flew back again to his master, whose coat-tail he seized upon, and tugged at with all his strength, whining piteously the while.

"Take my asp, Jupiter!" shouted Ralph, joyfully. "My limbs are whole; my ankle-bone is a little wrenched, that's all. What ails thee, Pluto?"

"The creature's mad, I think," returned Jellico. "If he be, there's method in his madness, so pay attention to him. Follow him, Jellico. Never herd me now. I'll soon be able to assert my perpendicular again. Follow him, I say; depend on't, he'll not lead you on a fool's errand."

Taking down a lantern from the front of the caravan, Jellico followed the dog; which, after rushing on about a hundred yards, suddenly paused, and began barking afresh.

"Hollo, hollo, Pluto, old fellow! What's all the row about, eh?" inquired his master, drawing nigh the spot where the noble animal was rubbing his nose on some object lying on the ground. Jellico lowered his lantern, and, glancing downwards, perceived a still figure half-embedded in the deep snow.

"Brave old Pluto!" exclaimed the man, in choking accents, putting aside his light, and lifting up the feeble form of Desmoro. "Meroy upon us! Is he dead? Here, youngster, open your eyes, and speak, and tell us who you are, and what you're doing here, in this forlorn and frozen state?" he continued in broken and confused sentences.

But there came no word from Desmoro in reply. "What on earth is to be done with the poor fellow? There's not a drop of spirit left in the flask to assist me in reviving him. I wish to goodness that plaguy accident had not occurred to Ralph; he'd have been almost as good as a doctor in such a case as this. What am I to do? Hollo!" he shouted loudly, sending his voice in the direction of his associate.

"Hollo! back again, my master!" answered Ralph, in cheery tones. "What have you found—some lovely maiden in distress?"

"Be hanged to his frivolity!" muttered Jellico, beginning to chide Desmoro's hands. "I never met with such a come-day, go-day, happy-go-lucky fellow in all my life! Not even a sprained ankle can steady him a bit. Eh!" he continued, addressing the motionless form now stretched across his knee; "you appear to have been in the wars, youngster, if I may judge by the damaged condition of your physiognomy, and this uncommonly red hand of yours. Oh! somebody has been giving you a licking, I guess, and you've run away from home! You're no tramp, as I can see. And there's his bundle, sure enough! There's a little history here, I fancy; maybe, a cruel stepmother—I had such, and I too well remember; but for whom, Samuel Jellico, the merchant's son, would not be what he is at this moment—a poor stroller! That's right, Pluto!" he added, seeing the dog softly licking poor Desmoro's face.

At this moment the caravan approached close to the spot where this little scene was passing; and Ralph, half supporting himself on one of the shafts of the vehicle, appeared hopping along.

"Confound you, Jellico! Why couldn't you answer me? What have you found?" asked the young man, still speaking in his former strain; retaining all his gay spirits, despite the pain he was enduring in his injured limb.

"What have I found! A poor chap here, half-buried in the snow, and quite insensible."

"Asleep. Great heaven! you must arouse him at once, or he'll never wake again!"

"I'm doing my best in his service," returned Jellico, "and here is Pluto helping me as much as the kind brute has the power to help."

"Oh, were it not for this sprained ankle of mine, I also might render you some aid in this sad business. See, see—yonder is a light! Some dwelling is near!"

"Where?"

"Not half a quarter of a mile hence. Look straight down the road, and to your left."

"Ay, ay, I see it. What do you advise?"

"That you take this poor lad on your shoulders, and at once carry him to a warm fire and some blankets."

"If such are to be had there; if they prove to be charitable folk."

"None will surely deny their charity in such a case as this."

"Observe the height of yon light," pursued Jellico. "It's a big house, and it's inhabited by big people, I dare say, who'll not like to be roused out of their comfortable beds by a couple of poor strollers, and something which may be trouble to them," he added, glancing ruefully at Desmoro, who was lying still motionless, like one dead.

"We have a duty to perform, Jellico, so say no more on the subject. I, myself, shall ask them for nothing; I'll manage to drag my body along to the town, which cannot be far off. So,

"Jog on, jog on the footpath-way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in mile-a."

At this, Jellico, who was possessed of a strong, massive frame, raised his charge, and threw him across his broad shoulders.

"Mustn't forget the youngster's property, anyhow," said he. "Here, Pluto, you must take care of that for the present," he continued, giving the little bundle to the dog, which, taking it between his teeth, immediately bounded onwards.

And now the little cortege consisting of the caravan, our limping Ralph, and the sturdy Jellico, bearing Desmoro, proceeded towards the building where the twinkling light was showing itself.

Jellico was now in the advance of the caravan; fatigued as he was already with his long day's journey, he walked on as briskly as his load would permit, for his kind heart was feeling anxious for the preservation of the lad's life.

The night was far from being a dark one. Nature's white mantle lighted up the scene, and the stroller could perceive that he was standing before a large old-fashioned mansion, having a porticoed entrance provided with seats on one of which he laid his inanimate burden, before he essayed the portal.

Jellico passed his hands over the door, on which, finding no knocker, he next sought for the bell, at which he gave a vigorous pull. Then he waited in aching impatience for an answer to his summons; but there was utter silence. He rang again and again, and while the bell was still resounding throughout the whole dwelling, the sash of an upper window was flung up, and a female's shrill voice was heard demanding who was there?

At this, Jellico stepped out of the portico, and disclosed his presence to the night-capbed questioner at the casement.

"For heaven's sake, ma'am, make haste! Here's a poor boy whom I have just found half-buried in the snow, and who will perish if you do not afford him instant assistance."

"Eh? What? Oh!" she shrieked out at the top of her voice, "you villain! Thieves! thieves! Mary Jane, Lotty, K. ty, all of you; bring here the blunderbuss, and take care of it, for it's double-loaded. Thieves, thieves!"

"My dear ma'am, will you listen to me; you mistake my object—you do, indeed! Consider a fellow creature's life is at stake, and—"

"Be off, or I'll shoot you, you robber and midnight assassin! You know there's not a man in the house, and so you're come here

with your false pretences, just to get us to open the door, so that you may massacre us all in cold blood! Mary Jane! Lotty, K. ty, all of you! Thieves, thieves!" she screamed, louder even than before.

At this moment another window-sash was thrown wide, and a head without a nightcap peeped forth.

"Whatever is the matter, son?" inquired the owner of the head, speaking tremblingly, and in a sweet feminine accent.

"Go back to your bed, child, or you'll catch your death of cold. Mary Jane, the blunderbuss, quick!"

Just then Ralph and the caravan halted in front of the mansion, and a full tenor voice, marvellously rich, rose on the calm, frosty air, singing:—

"Pity, kind gentlefolks friends of humanity,  
Keen blows the wind—"

"Oh, aunt, listen!"

Suddenly the strain changed to one quaint and characteristic.

"Oh, aunt, they are not thieves!" cried the younger of the two females, in winning, coaxing accents.

"I don't know that; it's best to think them rogues, and then we shall not be deceived by them in any way," returned she.

"Ma'am, we are unarmed men, a couple of poor strollers," spoke Jellico, his tones full of entreaty and humility,—"asking nothing from you for ourselves, only Christian charity towards this stranger—a boy, who, if you deny him immediate help, may never unclose his eyes to life again."

"See, aunt, there's their caravan; he must be speaking the truth! Wait a minute, and we will admit you," added the old lady's niece, addressing Jellico, and at once disappearing from the casement.

And by-and-by the door was unclosed, and they were received by a young lady of about nineteen years old, behind whom were standing three shivering maid-servants, huddled in cloaks and loose garments, all of whom were holding candles in their hands.

Jellico had Desmoro in his arms, and Ralph was hopping on one foot, enduring excruciating pain.

"Is the poor boy dead?" asked the lady in kind tones. "Quick, girls, hasten and stir up the kitchen fire, and get hot blankets ready as soon as possible! Hasten, hasten!" she continued, hurrying the servants out of the hall. "This way. I will conduct you to the kitchen, and see that all your wants are properly supplied. Who is the boy? He is well dressed; I do hope that he will soon recover! If he have a mother, what a state of anxiety and terror she will be in at missing her son! This way, this way!" she continued, leading them across the hall, then along a stone passage, at the end of which a spacious kitchen presented itself to their view.

Here the scene soon became exceedingly stirring, every one being employed in the service of our hero, whom kind attention, assisted by a glass of hot brandy and water, and plenty of glowing warmth, soon restored to a normal condition again.

The lady of the shrill voice now made her appearance in the kitchen, and looked on, solemnly at her guests, informing them that she was Miss Tillysedale, the mistress of the mansion, which was known as Tillysedale Hall.

Miss Tillysedale was a tall, bony maiden of sixty years of age, dressed in a juvenile fashion (for she had made her toilette before appearing), with manners to correspond. The moment she entered the apartment she was attracted by the handsome face of Ralph Thetford, who was sitting on a settle, with his maimed limb supported on a chair before him.

"Dear, dear! why I didn't understand that anybody was injured!" the lady cried. "I thought it was some unfortunate boy who had been found buried in the snow!"

"Oh, madam, don't notice me, I beg," returned Ralph, very politely. "The poor boy—thanks to your kind hospitality—is almost recovered!" he added, pointing to Desmoro, who was crouching over the fire, endeavouring to hide his swollen face and blackened eye from observation.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Tillysedale, raising her hands in astonishment at sight of our hero, whom she had roughly seized by the shoulder, and turned round about. "Gracious, what a countenance! Who are you? Whence come you? And who on earth has given you such a frightful black eye?"

Desmoro, whose heart was full almost to bursting, made no reply.

"Is he deaf and dumb?" she demanded, looking at those around her.

"He has not yet uttered a single word, aunt!" returned the niece.

"He hasn't! What a thankless little monster—that is, if he can speak!" corrected the lady. "Can you hear?" she shouted in Desmoro's ear.

"Quite well!" he answered, chokingly. "And I am not a thankless monster, ma'am, for I am very much obliged to you and to all the others; although it wouldn't have much mattered if I'd been left to sleep it out, as nobody would have missed me had I died!"

"Who are you?" again questioned Miss Tillysedale.

Desmoro hesitated, reluctant to disclose his name. But the lady, who was not to be denied, persisted in questioning him, until he became quite bewildered by her queries.

"It's very natural that I should desire to know who I have admitted under my roof," she continued, her keen eyes fixed upon the boy's quivering face, which he would fain have kept hidden from her view. "What's your name?"

"I can't tell you that, ma'am; at least, I would much rather not mention it, if you would kindly excuse my doing so!" faltered he.

"You're mysterious, and everything that is so is either wicked or wrong!"

The weary boy raised his head to his brow, which was feeling hot and greatly confused, and thus showed his crimsoned palm.

"Well, if ever!" exclaimed the antique maid, catching sight of Desmoro's red hand. "I vow and declare! there's blood all over the inside of your fingers!"

"No, no, ma'am; it's only a mother's mark!" returned the boy, shrinkingly.

"A mother's mark!" echoed Miss Tillysedale. "But what about your black eye—that's not a mother's mark, is it?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, indeed, I should think not! I'm glad you see that I am not a person to be imposed upon! Well, since you will not tell me your right name, I shall call you Red Hand!"

At this, Desmoro uttered a sharp cry of distress, and covered his face. Red Hand! Great heaven, would that hateful sobriquet pursue him for ever?

Miss Tillysedale now turned to Ralph Thetford, and asked feelingly after his ailments, while the lady's niece was speaking gentle words into the motherless boy's ear.

The eyes of the mistress of Tillysedale Hall had fallen admiringly upon Ralph Thetford, the strolling player, and she was ready and eager to afford him and his companion every assistance that they required; and Jellico had a stable, coach-house, and provisions in plenty placed at his command; and Bobby was fed and lodged more comfortably than he had ever been fed and lodged before.

With her own two hands, Miss Tillysedale now bathed and poulticed Ralph's sprained ankle; and beds being prepared, the lady invited her guests to remain at the hall for as long as ever they pleased: the truth of the matter being, that she was only too happy to retain them for awhile; perhaps she felt disposed to retain one of them for ever, I will not say.

The following day was the Sabbath. Ralph's ankle was considerably better, and Desmoro was perfectly well in every respect. But he appeared to be ill at ease, and he avoided all the questions that were put to him.

At length Jellico drew him aside, and thus spoke: "Youngster, have you any father and mother?"

"I have been told that I have the former, but the latter died when I was only an infant."

"You are no common sort of lad. By whom were you brought up?"

"By a grandfather, sir," was the reluctant reply.

"What has driven you from his home, which I presume you have just forsaken?"

"My grandfather's new wife."

"Oh! Precisely as I expected."

"You see my eye? She struck me, sir, and I would not remain near her after that."

"And you won't tell me your name?"

"I am called Desmoro Desmoro."

"And who was your father—do you know?"

"He was a gentleman, I have been told, and an officer in the army."

Jellico nodded his head, and straightway fell into a fit of musing. Presently he spoke again.

"What are you going to do? Have you any friends to whom you mean to apply?"

"I have not a single friend in the whole world, sir; nor have I any knowledge of where my father, if he be still alive, might be found."

"Poor fellow—poor fellow!" exclaimed the stroller, with swimming eyes. "I can feel for you, for I myself was once a desolate little chap like yourself, having no haven to anchor in."

"And what did you do?" asked Desmoro.

"I turned stroller—a strolling actor—a vagabond in the eyes of the law."

"Did you ever act in any of Shakespeare's plays?" inquired the boy, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes," drawled Jellico, pinching his chin with a preoccupied air. "Though I must say that I'd much rather not have done so, for to me he was always more trouble than he was worth."

"Shakespeare?"

"Yes. I never could get his language into my brain."

"I know nearly all his plays off by heart," returned Desmoro.

"Do you, my lad?"

"I do."

"Would you like to become an actor?"

"Yes; a great one."

"Umph! Ambitious! Well, better so than not," cried Jellico, within himself. "I'll talk with you again on this subject, Desmoro."

And there the matter dropped for the present.

Tillysedale Hall had long been wrapped in darkness and repose, when one of the servant-maids, who was distracted with a raging tooth, rose, and lighted a candle, that she might search in a certain drawer for some laudanum she had there.

The soothing drops being applied to the aching tooth, the girl, heedless of the guttering candle by her bedside, soon dropped asleep.

Presently, the wick of the tallow light grew long—then a red spark fell upon one of the cotton garments near; and soon afterwards there was a smell of fire, and the room gradually filled with a thick, hot, stifling vapour.

But the girl slumbered on, unconscious of the danger which surrounded her.

Desmoro, who was sleeping in the next chamber with the two strollers, now awoke, and started up in bed. The room was filled with smoke, and he could hear the sounds of cracking timber.

With one bound, the lad was out of bed, in search of his garments; in the next instant he was screaming "Fire!" at the very top of his voice, at which Jellico and Ralph sprang up, and added their cries to those of Desmoro, who, only half-dressed, had flung open the chamber-door, and rushed out to alarm the sleeping household.

Of Desmoro's interesting career as a strolling player, and how that his red hand leads to a false accusation from a rival who has painted his own hand red in order to ruin our hero; of his trial and transportation to Sydney; his life among the convicts; his escape, and adventurous life in the bush—we must refer our readers to the work itself, now continuing in Bow Bells, assuring them that they will be highly interested throughout its development.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Pick out annuals, such as German asters, stocks, &c. Divide and transplant heptacaps; tie up paeonias and pinkies; continue to put in cuttings of pansies; also cuttings of phloxes, abyssum, arabis, and the yellow and red wallflowers in a mild frame heat, in small pots. Take up crocuses and other early flowering bulbs as soon as the leaves dry off. Divide polyanthes, and plant them in a cool shady place. Top-dress standard and dwarf roses with good rotten manure. Commence planting the general bedding stock should the present favourable weather continue.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Thin out seedling crops. Sow broccoli, cauliflower, and spinach. Plant and earth up cabbage and other greens. Pick out celery plants; sow leeks for winter use; transplant autumn-sown onions, but do not cover the bulbs. Out off all blossom shoots of rhubarb and seakale; plant vegetable marrows on dung ridges; and plant capstons on a warm border. Thin out beet a foot apart. Occasionally stop the shoots of cucumbers in frames. Make another sowing of dwarf kidney beans in rows two feet and a half apart.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Thin away weak shoots of figs. Continue to disbud wall trees, leaving, however, for the present, any shoots the leaves of which shelter fruit. Hoe between strawberries, and mulch the surface with any short litter.

A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.—The Correctional Tribunal, Paris, lately tried the proprietress of a matrimonial agency, named Galoppe, aged 53, on a charge of having, by false pretences, obtained the sum of 1,750l. (£70) from a M. d'Ocezy d'Ollendon.

The complainant stated that he had been introduced to the accused, assuming the title of Viscountess de Pleissis-Fraulin, as a person who possessed an extensive connexion, which would enable her to establish a profitable agency for negotiating marriages. She proposed to him to become a partner in the concern. She represented that she had been charged to find a husband for a coloured young lady, aged twenty-four, with a fortune of £100,000. Being allured by the expectation of profit, he accepted the offer, and advanced the money necessary for establishing their office in a chalet at Autenil.

Advertisements were inserted in the journals to find a husband for the young lady above mentioned, and more than a hundred applications were received. He soon after found that no such person existed, and that the agency in reality was worth nothing. He then lodged the present complaint. M. Lachand, who defended the accused, proved that her client had not obtained the complainant's money by fraudulent representation, that the latter knew her real name from the first, had cohabited with her for some time, and that the complaint was an act of vengeance dictated by jealousy. The public prosecutor, under these circumstances, declined to press the charge. The tribunal acquitted the accused, and condemned the complainant to pay the costs.—*Galignani's Messenger.*



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